

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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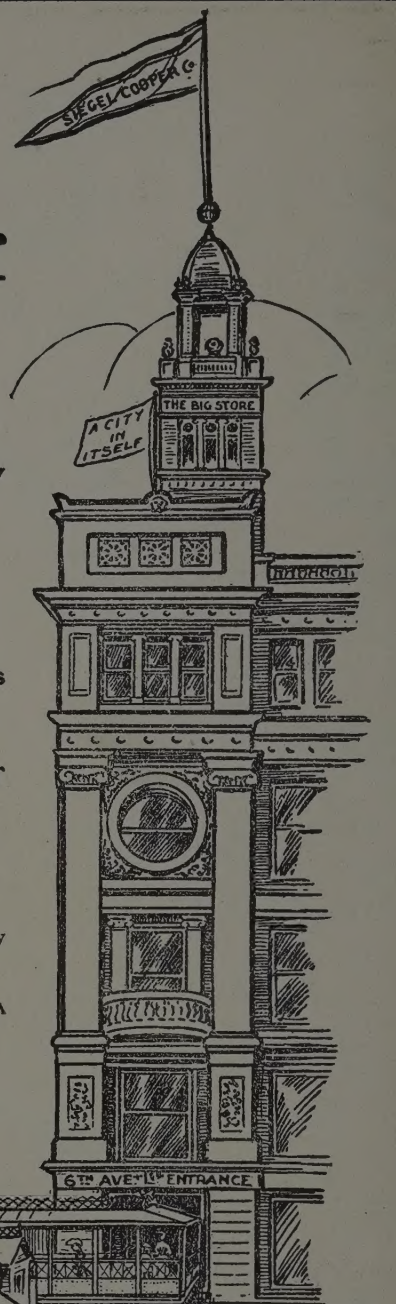
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"You have made a success of the THEATRE MAGAZINE."—Charles Frohman.

A Word To Our Readers

IN OUR MAY issue we asked our readers and subscribers to express their opinion regarding the THEATRE MAGAZINE, to say if they approved or disapproved of its contents and to suggest ways in which it might be improved.

WE EXPECTED to receive many answers, but we were entirely unprepared for the deluge of letters that came to us from every part of the United States, from the cities, the smaller towns and the out-of-the-way places. We knew our circulation to be large—53,000 copies being printed each month—but we now realized for the first time the enormous territory covered by our magazine. To be exact, no fewer than 1,834 replies reached this office by mail.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL to be told that one is perfect and no room for improvement exists. It is also embarrassing. Yet that was the general tenor of the answers received. Not a single adverse criticism. One and all declared the THEATRE MAGAZINE "without a rival," "admirable in tone," "instructive as well as interesting," "unique for its stage pictures," "invaluable as a record," etc., etc., while one enthusiastic subscriber, E. G. Henry, of Morristown, N. J., writes: "I think the THEATRE MAGAZINE is a most entertaining and instructive periodical. No one interested in the Drama should be without it. I think its criticisms of plays exceedingly good."

WE THANK all our correspondents collectively for their kind words and we shall continue to strive to deserve them. The THEATRE MAGAZINE, it is perhaps needless to say, costs a great deal of money as well as brains to produce, and if we have been able to succeed in a field where so many have failed, it is because we have received generous support from the reading public. This magazine is not subsidized by any theatre manager. It lives on its merits and the public has been quick to realize that it is impartial and honest and prints beautiful pictures of plays and players procurable nowhere else.

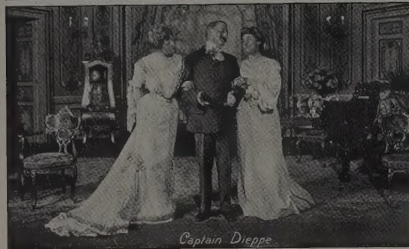
WE BEGAN IN MAY 1901 WITH 6,000 copies, when our sales being limited practically to New York City. To-day we are printing and selling **53,000 copies**, and the THEATRE MAGAZINE is sold and read everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. Our sales are increasing constantly and subscription list growing. Readers are beginning to understand the value of owning complete files. Of our September issue (opening of the season number) we shall print no fewer than **60,000 copies**.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE will be constantly improved. We know what our readers want and every effort will be made to cater to their wishes. The majority of our readers are of the opinion that fiction has no place in a magazine of this character. Fiction, therefore, will be discontinued and other features introduced. The "Chats with Players" appear to be the most popular of all our contents. These will be continued and considerably amplified. We shall also make a regular feature of illustrating completely each important production, telling the story of the play in a series of pictures. More space will be given to the critical discussion of new plays and there will be a number of interesting articles reminiscent of the players of the past. Beginning with the present issue, we shall start a series of full-page portraits to be known as the Theatre Magazine's Gallery of Players. There will also be a department devoted to the critical notice of new dramatic books, and there will be a monthly list of all new theatrical productions made in the United States. Beginning with the September issue, we shall make a practice of printing the cast at the head of the criticisms of each play. In a word, the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be made, not only invaluable to the theatre-goer, the actor and the manager, but one of the most readable, most finely illustrated and interesting magazines to take into the home.

THE PUBLISHERS



The Shepherd King



Captain Diego



Crown Prince



Dina



Babes in Toyland



A Chinese Harem



Glistening Gloria



Rogers Brothers



Soldiers of Fortune



The Resurrection



Pinky and Johnson



The Pit



A Country Girl



The County Chairman



Quality Street



Mary of Magdala



Raffles



Proud Prince



Sweet Kitty Bellairs



Vivian's Pass



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The publishers of **The Theatre Magazine** are happy to announce to their readers that they have been able to induce Byron Co., the world renowned flash-light photographers, to sell to collectors their pictures, which heretofore were not obtainable.

The Theatre Magazine, by special arrangement, becomes the exclusive agent for these pictures. The collection comprises over 20,000 subjects, being the history of the American Stage for the last ten years.

The miniatures shown on this page are direct reproductions from the splendid originals which measure $10\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$. Price of each, mounted or unmounted, One Dollar (\$1.00). Catalogue sent free upon request. Address,

The Theatre Magazine, 26 W. 33d St., N. Y. City

THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 42

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo Burr McIntosh

MRS. GILBERT

This veteran actress, after a long and brilliant career on the American stage, is to become a star next year, heading her own company with a play called "Granny," which has been written especially for her by Clyde Fitch

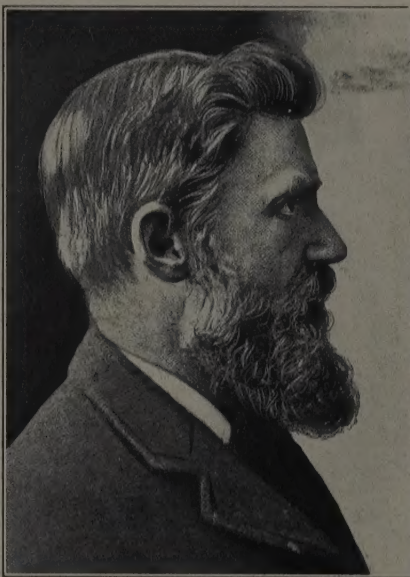


PLAYS and PLAYERS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, best known in America by his "Quintessence of Ibsenism," and his plays "Arms and the Man" and "Candida," is much in the public eye at present. Next season Arnold Daly, encouraged by the success of "Candida," will produce Mr. Shaw's other comedy, "You Never Can Tell," and his latest published play, entitled "Man and Superman," has created something in the nature of a literary sensation. Everything this brilliant Irishman writes is widely read, even when it is not always understood, and if very few people take Mr. Shaw seriously, it is his own fault, for, with all his cleverness, he reaches no definite conclusion, he leaves everything in the air and gives the impression that he himself is enjoying a huge joke at the reader's expense. This is particularly true of "Man and Superman" and its appendices. In reading this extraordinary work one often applauds his sentences, and yet at the end lays the book aside completely mystified as to the author's meaning. Of course, to take issue with Mr. Shaw would be like attacking a windmill.

Has the play itself practical value for the stage? Perhaps not without the elimination of pages of words. A young woman is left to the guardianship of two men, one the type of Englishman who is conventional in conduct and views of life, the other a revolutionist who does not believe in the existing order of things and is particularly averse to the institution of marriage. This Tanner, the revolutionist, agrees that the girl, Ann, should marry her sentimental suitor, Ricky Ticky Tavy, but when he discovers that she is setting a trap for him, he takes to flight in his automobile. This brings him, in the third act, to a rendezvous of bandits in the Sierra Nevada. While the characters sleep, we have the episode of a long discussion between Don Juan, the statue from Mozart's opera, Ann, the daughter, and the devil. This is the philosophic windmill which no wise critic would have the temerity to attack. The discussion, as is the purport of the entire play, concerns the theory that Woman represents the Life Force, that she is, in reality, the pursuer, and the Don Juans the victims. The Statue confesses that Heaven bores him, and Don Juan determines to try Heaven in his place. One of the characters in the household under the joint guardianship of Tanner, the revolutionist, and Ramsden, the conventional Englishman, is Violet, a young woman who, for the moment, seems to have

pried into the mysteries of the Life Force and is in a condition which brings consternation to everybody but Tanner, who defends her conduct which, he explains, must be referred to the unimpeachable wisdom of selection implied in the Life Force. She has done nothing wrong. The Life Force is sacred. This is merely incidental; simply a few revolutions of the windmill. There is really nothing in it, for Violet is secretly married to Malone, a young American millionaire, with the reservation that he is dependent on his father. In structure, except for the episode of the ghostly Don Juan and the devil, the play is not unconventional, in the sense that it obeys the natural and unavoidable laws of dramatic form. Malone's father becomes reconciled to the girl. Tanner yields to the Life Force and the superior skill of Ann as a trapper. The play closes with a long philosophical speech by Tanner, Ann telling him to "go on talking." Tanner echoes: "Talking!" Then follows "universal laughter," as the stage direction.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Author of "Candida," etc.

This is the play, except that every line scintillates with points of philosophy and character. But much of it is the scintillation of fireworks which, after a moment, leaves all darker than before. To the play is added "The Revolutionist's Handbook and Pocket Companion," by John Tanner, M. I. R. C. (Member of the Idle Rich Class). John Tanner and George Bernard Shaw believe that there is no progress in the world and never can be until a race of Supermen is bred. How are they to be bred, by the State or a society with full power? The Director might have a seat in the Cabinet and a revenue to defray the cost of direct State experiments and provide inducements to private persons to achieve successful results. "It may mean a private society or a chartered company for the improvement of human live stock." In other words, we have the windmill over again.

The greatest number of mankind, according to Mr. Tanner, are mere riff-raff. There is a small gleam of cruel sense in Mr. Tanner's suggestion that the weak would be permitted to marry the weak, and thereby secure the elimination, in time, of the undesirable inferior material. America, Mr. Shaw says, is the land of initiative, and certain of its States have taken a step in the direction of preventing marriages of fatally defective persons. Mr. Shaw, with all his brilliancy, is propagating

a good deal of nonsense and discussing a question that cannot be disposed of in half-truths and smart epigrams. He will have to surrender the exercise, so delightful to him and to his readers, of his verbal powers, and devote many years to come to the study of Biology and Physiology before he can become an authority and a helpful adviser in this matter of the destiny of the human race. When Mr. Shaw or Mr. Tanner discovers exactly the physical proportions in which are housed the requisite Life Force, Vitality, Mentality and Soul Force, for the procreation of the Superman, and makes a conclusive report on it, the world will listen to him. Nothing can be done in this investigation by use of the old processes. Modern machinery of investigation is necessary. It cannot be done by the windmill.

Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Tanner agree that there is no hope in man as society is at present constituted, and that "we must eliminate the Yahoo, or his vote will wreck the commonwealth." Mere Man must be replaced by the Superman. It must be a process of evolution, not of progress in present conditions. Progress is an illusion. Properly speaking, then, Mr. Shaw himself is not a Revolutionist or a Socialist. He is nothing until the Superman comes. He utters many lively and pertinent truths about the British aristocracy, but he is British and provincial to the core. Not believing in the people, it would be futile to offer to his consideration the fact that the Superman exists in the Democracy of the United States in the form of aggregated intelligence. It would be folly to ask him to believe that the Superman can only be bred spiritually. He is too British. He coddles undeniable half-truths and makes no attempt at the whole truth always. Brilliant as he is, he is full of fallacies and occasional complete ignorance.

For instance, he believes that our popular ministers "are experts in dodging popular enthusiasms and duping popular ignorance," in short, that our public men are demagogues. The fact is, to the contrary, that the successful demagogue, in the foreign and traditional sense, cannot exist in the United States. The people are larger and more powerful and more intelligent than any demagogue could possibly be. Small localities may listen to demagogues; the nation has never done so. The nearest approach to a demagogic force or organization is Tammany, which feeds the poor and furnishes them amusements in the summer and coal in the winter. The demagogue sets the fountains flowing with wine. In a certain sense, it requires the Superman on one side, with wealth and specious intelligence, and on the other side poverty and lack of intelligence. Poverty and lack of intelligence have never coincided here. At best, Mr. Shaw will have to define what he means by the riff raff. If the Supermen are simply Shaw and Walkeley, the propaganda of breeding to the end of ultimate socialism will be attended by difficulties.

Here are some Shaw perversities, epigrams, half-truths, whole truths and fallacies:

The golden rule is that there are no golden rules.

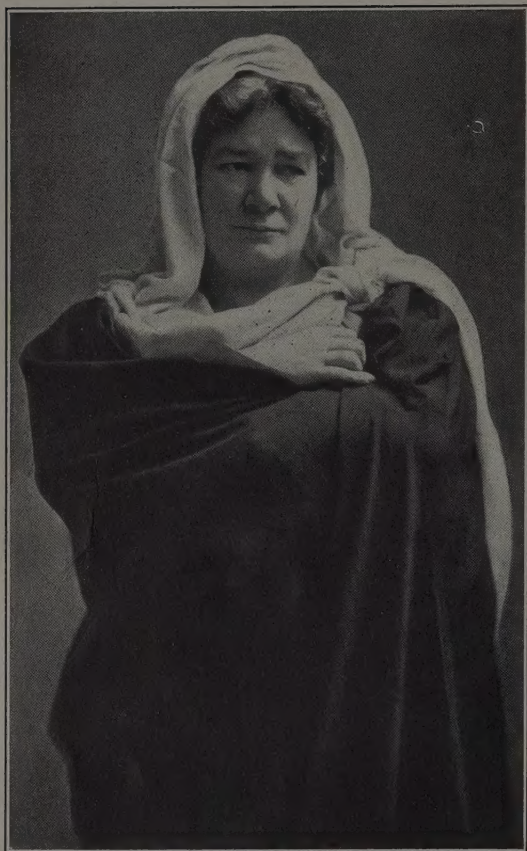
The bureaucracy consists of functionaries; the aristocracy, of idols; the democracy, of idolaters.



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NANCE O'NEIL AS MARGUERITE GAUTHIER

Miss O'Neill, who is a great favorite in Boston, is practically unknown elsewhere in the East. She appeared some years ago in New York in the Murray Hill Stock Company without attracting much attention, and last January was engaged for the Columbia, Boston, where she has been ever since. Her repertoire includes all the great rôles, Camille, Nora, Magda, Leah, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. She is a native of San Francisco.



Copyright, Aime Dupont

MME. SCHUMANN HEINECK

Well-known operatic singer who will star next season in a musical comedy by Julian Edwards and Stanislaus Stange entitled "Love's Lottery."
The part is that of a German washerwoman

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

There are no perfectly honorable men; but every true man has one point of honor and a few minor ones.

Folly is the direct pursuit of Happiness and Beauty.

Decency is Indecency's Conspiracy of Silence.

Civilization is a disease produced by the practice of building societies with rotten material.

He who can does. He who cannot, teaches.

This last is the absurdest fallacy imaginable. Mr. Shaw's aphorism is probably a perversion of the equally absurd and commonly believed saying that the man who cannot create or do, criticises. The true critic is a teacher. Every editor, if he is a competent editor, is a critic and a judge, and he is a creative force. Every judge in a court of law, from the smallest resort for justice to the supreme tribunal, is a critic and a judge and a power for the shaping of the realities of life. Every dramatic critic, if he is a real critic, has the creative power, and every time that critic hits the nail on the head the "creative" author feels that his master has corrected him.

Mr. Shaw makes some sensible and forcible remarks in denunciation of the false prudery characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, which is largely responsible for the invertebrate condition of the English and American drama, which explains the dearth of really great plays, and which keeps our dramatists in a state of mental inferiority to those of continental Europe.

He says:

Why the bees should pamper their mothers whilst we pamper only our operatic prima donnas is a question worth reflecting on. Our notion of treating a mother is, not to increase her supply of food, but to cut it off by forbidding her to work in a factory for a month after her confinement. Everything that can make birth a misfortune to the parent as well as a danger to the mother is conscientiously done. When a great French writer, Emile Zola, alarmed at the sterilization of his nation, wrote an eloquent and powerful book to restore the prestige of parentage, it was at once assumed in England that a work of this character, with such a title as "Fecundity," was too abominable to be translated, and that any attempt to deal with the relations of the sexes from any other than the voluptuary or romantic point of view must be sternly put down. Now, if this assumption were really founded on public opinion, it would indicate an attitude of disgust and resentment toward the Life Force that could only arise in a diseased and moribund community in which Ibsen's Hedda Gabler would be the typical woman. But it has no vital foundation at all. The prudery of the newspapers is like the prudery of the dinner table, a mere difficulty of education and language. We are not taught to think decently on these subjects, and consequently we have no language for them except indecent language. We, therefore, have to declare them unfit for public discussion, because the only terms in which we can conduct the discussion are unfit for public use. Physiologists, who have a technical vocabulary at their disposal, find no difficulty; and masters of language who think decently can write popular stories like Zola's "Fecundity" or Tolstoi's "Resurrection" without giving the smallest offence to readers who can also think decently. But the ordinary modern journalist, who has never discussed such matters except in ribaldry, cannot write a simple comment on a divorce case without a conscious shamefulness or a furtive facetiousness that makes it impossible to read the comment aloud in company. All this ribaldry and prudery (the two are the same) does not mean that people do not feel decently on the subject. On the contrary, it is just the depth and seriousness of our feeling that makes its desecration by vile language and coarser humor intolerable; so that at last we cannot bear to have it spoken of at all because only one in a thousand can speak of it without wounding our self-respect, especially the self-respect of women. Add to the horrors of popular language the horrors of popular poverty. In crowded populations poverty destroys the possibility of cleanliness; and in the absence of cleanliness many of the natural conditions of life become offensive and noxious, with the result that at last the association of uncleanness with these natural conditions becomes so overpowering that among civilized people (that is, people massed in the labyrinths of slums we call cities), half their bodily life becomes a guilty secret, unmentionable except to the doctor in emergencies; and Hedda Gabler shoots herself because maternity is so unladylike. In short, popular prudery is only a mere incident of popular squalor. The subjects which it taboos remain the most interesting and earnest of subjects in spite of it.

In the absence of more substantial theatrical fare, the roof gardens continue to furnish the metropolis with cool and innocuous amusement. Mr. Hammerstein has added several new features to his already excellent bill, and Fay Templeton and Pete Dailey are potent drawing cards at "Aerial Gardens." The Madison Square roof is devoted to a show entitled "Paris by Night," but it must be said frankly that the title is more attractive than the piece. The New York roof has been enjoying unwonted patronage, thanks to Senorita Guerrero, who acts "Carmen" in pantomime, supported by a company of seventy-five people costumed with grand opera picturesqueness. This is worth seeing, for it is a novelty here, although of long established popularity in Europe. Bizet's entire opera, with all its characters and varied scenes, and the principal musical numbers played in continuity



MISS ETHEL JOHNSON

This popular singing comedienne has scored another success as a Swedish maid servant in "The Forbidden Land," recently presented at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago



MISS ELIZABETH LEA

Who will be the new leading woman with Robert Edeson next season

by the orchestra, is compressed into less than forty minutes' time. Not a word is spoken or sung, yet the story of Carmen and Don José and Escamilla is told in action so poignant that a child might follow it. La Guerrero, who plays the vivid heroine, is an inspiring figure. She is a typical Sevillana, young, spirited, and pretty enough to make the customary prefix of "Belle" superfluous to her name. When she dances you would ask that she do nothing else. Her pantomime work, too, reveals the accomplished actress, an artiste of rare temperamental gifts. With her are associated Messrs. Volpert and Desauere, who furnish highly satisfactory support. The pantomime opera is a lesson in dramatic expression well worth studying. Besides "The Rose and the Dagger," "La Gitana," and "Carmen," already presented, Senorita Guerrero has in reserve other interesting pieces, including a three-act tragedy by the author of "L'Enfant Prodiges."

There is to be a glut of "Parsifal" the coming season. Besides Mr. Conried's heroic group of singers and Mr. Savage's two

companies (of somewhat lesser stature), little companies are forming under unknown impresarios who burn to introduce the Holy Grail to one-night stands. Perhaps this cheapening of the cheapest of Richard Wagner's wares is to be sincerely regretted, and Frau Cosima, fearing the flood, was not entirely mercenary when she sought to restrict the score to Baireuth. If she realized that her great husband had degenerated when he wrote "Parsifal," and stooped to glitter for glitter's sake (but it is doubtful that she did), her selfishness was the acme of devotion. But to those Wagnerites who grieved when they heard Conried's artists in the drama because they thought they saw their Wagner reduced to a condition of intellectual impotence, but poorly redeemed by an artistic habit, the rushing in of a thousand minor singers to still further degrade him is a sincere affliction. Great singers may by their art lend charity, precision and even distinction to a clotted score, but the effect of the "little voices" in it can be but deplorable and absurd.

A recent issue of the New York *Sun* contained a long article purporting to give the experience of a playwright who had been universally repulsed alike by managers and stars. He had submitted numerous plays, which had been retained an interminable time and then returned with unsatisfactory replies. He had met many managers and actors who broke their promises and did not keep their engagements. This is the gauntlet which everybody who writes for the stage has to run until he attains a reputation which secures him prompt and respectful treatment. On the other hand, something is to be said on the other side. No actor and no manager is under any obligation to read an unsolicited play, and the majority of the playwrights who experience the treatment above described have submitted plays without being requested to do so. It should also be remembered that of the vast number of plays so submitted, very few are entitled to serious consideration, and a large proportion of these few, however excellent they may be, are unsuited to the purpose of the star or the manager to whom they are so confidently sent. If the author is in trepidation as to what will become of his play, the star or the manager to whom it has been sent is in equal trepidation as to what he shall select. One cannot foretell what the public taste will be next season from a review of what it was during the season that is over. Anybody who could assuredly do this for a manager would be certain of an engagement as a theatrical predictor at a very large salary. It is this exceeding riskiness



FOUR COMELY MAIDENS IN OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSICAL BURLESQUE "PARSIFALIA" AT PARADISE GARDENS, NEW YORK

which keeps theatrical matters in a constantly effervescing flux, and to some extent, excludes the possibility of the promptness and finality of decision that are found in other businesses.

"The Forbidden Land," music by F. Chapin, book by G. M. Steely, appears to have "caught on" in Chicago, although the *Record-Herald* says it wants "point, novelty and humor."

An Interview with Shakespeare

"LET me present you to Mr. Shakespeare," said Ben Jonson, pointing to a long-haired, lofty-browed gentleman who was a composite likeness of all the Shakespearian portraits I had ever seen.

"What edition?" I replied, absent-mindedly, and then I checked myself, for I saw that Jonson was uncomfortable.

"The original!" he whispered, excitedly, in my ear.

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed; then I forgot myself again, as in my enthusiasm I added: "I've always wanted to see a 1623 folio."

"But you don't understand," said Jonson, rather vexed; "this is Shakespeare himself. Look!"

He held out a visiting card, on which appeared the familiar scrawl of the alleged authentic autograph: "William Shakespeare."

"That's not the way to spell his name," I objected. The zealous scholar in me made me appear rude, but Jonson's discretion saved the situation.

"Ah, I see." He smiled as he drew some visiting cards from the lace ruffle of his sleeve, and spread them fan-like before me. "Take your choice."

I ran quickly through them—Shakespeare, Shakespere, Shaksper, and all the countless other spellings, until I found the one I wanted.

"Glad to meet you," I said, at last, shaking hands with the intangible composite. "I've read all those nice things Jonson wrote about you. Neatly put—hey?" I waved toward Jonson, who grew visibly embarrassed.

"Really," he protested, "I didn't intend them for the press—simply a few lines——"

"Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" I pointed to chairs, and as host was cordial to a degree.

"Though we have never met before, I know you quite well through your work, Mr. Shakespeare," I said.

"Do you?" he replied, with a rising inflection of doubt. Jonson understood the sarcasm and chuckled audibly.

"Yes, I have you in five or six editions; which one did you use in writ-

ing?" I queried.

"Why—I wrote the plays without the help of anything," he said, forgetting his sources, and looking rather astonished. Now that I come to think of it, such a question was very foolish of me to ask; whether or not it was that my head was gradually being turned because I was talking with Shakespeare, I do not know, but I sank into deeper water.

"Then your text is not authoritative," I said, decisively.

"Your text may not be," rejoined Shakespeare, "but mine is—I can vouch for that—so can Ben. Of course, there are typographical errors in that first folio—I didn't have time to look over the proofs. I died several years before the book came out. But the edition sold very well—it's entirely exhausted!"

"See this," I said, holding up a variorum volume—"here's one of your plays rescued by modern scholarship——"

"Um," said Shakespeare, running his thumb along the edges of five hundred pages, and glancing here and there at the notes. "What is it all about?"

"Why, it's this way," I explained for I could see that the poet was hunting for his play; I realized now for the first time the truth of the statement that in the work of "Shakespearian scholarship" the true Shakespeare is often hard to find. "You see," I continued, "this book tells what people think you mean. From traces of you they are trying to find you."

Shakespeare and Jonson exchanged knowing glances, and shifted uncomfortably in their chairs.

"When I wrote my plays," remarked Shakespeare, fingering his ear-rings, which seemed to annoy him "I wrote them for the stage, and not for the critics."

"Did you write them?" I queried really with no malice aforethought.

"Of course," answered the poet, puzzled at my question. He seemed to be in total ignorance of the Bacon theory. "I think I struck a new vein in the drama."

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly!" asserted Jonson.



Armstrong, Boston

MISS ALICE DOVEY

Who plays the part of the Dove in "Woodland"

"Who revised you for the stage?" I asked. "Irving and Daly have made pretty good editions of you with cuts."

"With what?"

"Cuts—omissions. You couldn't be played in your Elizabethan shape, you know."

"Now, look here, young man," said Shakespeare, growing impatient, "what do you take me for?"

"For a true poet," I replied, becoming enthusiastic; "in your poetic period, rich in fancy; in your philosophic period, deep in discernment." I paused, thinking I had saved myself.

"I'm not looking for praise—I can get that from the shelves yonder." He pointed to the books along the walls, and shifted his chair closer to mine. "What kind of a man do you think me?"

"Oh, it depends upon what book I use. Rolfe leaves all your bad parts out. There's the Temple Shakespeare, the Furness Shakespeare, the——"

"I should like to meet them," said Shakespeare, nonchalantly, interrupting me. "They probably know me better than I know myself. I think," he added, "I'll dictate 'Hamlet' to the stenographer, and see if I can't sell it. Hemminge and Con-

dell won't object, now that their edition is sold. Mine will be the text without other people's comments—just me!"

There was an audible sigh of relief around from those to whom notes are a constant source of conscience-dread.

"I am glad you are in town," I said. "We have been putting a great many of your plays upon the stage."

"That's good!" said Shakespeare. "Give me the managers' addresses, and I'll go and see them about royalties."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed; "you are common property now-a-days. But they'll be pleased to see you, and although they insist you name spells failure, some of them contrive to make good money out of you. If you'll give me a few facts about your life, and a new photograph, I'll get up a fine story and sell it to one of the Sunday papers."

"That's very kind of you," replied Shakespeare; "it's presuming on a stranger."

"But I've known you for a number of years."

There was a loud crash. A large volume of "The Complete Shakespeare" fell to the floor, and—I woke up.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A Shrine of the American Drama

IN the quiet of St. Peter's churchyard, Perth Amboy, N. J., sheltered from the brisk winds that sweep across the Raritan and Arthur Kill, is the grave of William Dunlap, known as the Father of the American Drama.

There is nothing on the lichen-covered marble slab to recall the career that gave so much to the stage in this country, all the man's achievements being cloaked under the inscription, "A Resident of New York." Although the little Jersey town where he is buried was William Dunlap's birthplace, he is little honored there. The visitor who seeks the spot will find few persons able to direct him to the hillside that slopes from the church to the water's edge. But once the right churchyard is found, for there are several in the neighborhood, it is not difficult to discover the spot. It is on the north side of the quaint old brick building, shaded from sunlight by overhanging pines and tall grasses that bear witness to the solitude of the place. On one side is the tomb of the dramatist's wife, marked by a sand-stone slab on which is a winged cherub's head, nearly obliterated.

William Dunlap was buried in Perth Amboy on the completion of a career of many vicissitudes in which failure played a part nearly as important as success. His early years were spent in New York and in traveling. In 1796 he associated himself in the management of the John Street Theatre, then a leading playhouse of New York. Soon he leased the Park Theatre, with which

he was connected until 1811. Through his efforts it became the leading theatre of the metropolis, and there he produced most of his plays, which were practically the first to assume an American tone. Success did not attend his efforts, however, and, broken in health, he became a paymaster in the army. His talent was directed in another channel after this, and before many years he was recognized as one of the foremost painters of his time. With others, he founded the National Academy of Design, and in 1831 became its vice-president. He died on the 28th of September, 1839.

He was the author of thirty plays, but his chief claim to fame is his "History of the American Theatre," published in 1832. One of New York's best-known literary societies was named in his honor.

WILLIAM S. HUNT.

TEXTS FOR TROUPERS.

To the managers belong the spoils.
A poor performance is better than none.

If you can't boast, don't knock.
It's the early train that catches the troupe.

In the puerile drama all things are pure.

On Life's stage we can't all have the "center."

You can never tell by the looks of a troupe how far it will jump.

A sense of humor covers a multitude of sins.

A traveling troupe gathers no shekels.



The grave of William Dunlap, at Perth Amboy



"Crimes of a Cynical City." The heroine, dragged by her one loyal friend arrives in nick of time to effect a rescue. will meet again," while policeman O'Grady lays his heavy

villain to the verge of the subway trench, seems doomed to an early grave. But, as expected, The villain, his white shirt front still immaculate, smiles contemptuously as he hisses: "We hand on the innocent man's shoulder and says in awful tones: "YOU come with me"

Drama and Yellow Drama



THEODORE KREMER
King of yellow dramatists

THE drama proper represents a human will dominating or striving against the circumstances and surroundings of life. Melodrama shows a series of incidents, a combination of extraordinary happenings, dominating life and apparently swaying the characters of men. One is the literature, the other the yellow journalism, of the theatre.

Melos, the "slow music" inseparable from the real old theatrical thr-r-ill, is about all there is left in Melodrama nowadays to justify its name. The Sensational has usurped its once honorable title. "The Two Orphans" degenerated to the "Stranglers of Paris" type. "Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," set the pace for the modern transpontine play of London. In America, for one "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there are a thousand "Bowerys after Dark," "Tracy, the Outlaw," "Shadows of Sing Sing," "Worst Women in New York."

However, in noting here a few of the characteristics of modern melodrama and its makers, we shall use the word in its ordinary, up-to-date acceptance. "Melodrama" as we are accustomed to think of it, calls up weird fantasies of the Third Avenue Theatre, of tanks, bloodhounds, and explosions—of multitudinous suburban audiences at ten-twenty-and-thirty cents, with packed galleries raising pandemonium at the spectacle of virtue in rags triumphant over polished villainy in a hired dress suit.

Melodrama, with its abundance of incidents, its

insistence upon situation, its latitude of treatment and liberal admixture of humor, is closely akin to the romantic—yet there is a wide gulf of difference between the two. The romantic drama is suffused with poetry and the ideal; while melodrama deals only with crass realism and superficial sensation.

The English melodramas of the past generation, such as "The Lights of London," "The Wages of Sin," "Woman Against Woman," and the like—plays of many glaring tableaux, in which wickedness is always hellish-black and goodness forever angelic-white; in which scandal and anonymous letters are swift and sure in their deadly work, and the most alert characters will become suddenly deaf, dumb and blind for the sake of a powerful illogical situation—these have furnished the model for practically all of our home-made product in this line.

Captain Marshall, the author of "A Royal Family," and other delectable comedies, wrote for a recent benefit performance in

London a clever skit upon old-fashioned melodrama, of which the subjoined title and scene plan will give an illuminative idea:

"THE TRACK OF BLOOD."

ACT I.

- Scene 1. The Coiner's Den, "The Devil at Work."
- Scene 2. The Library at Tooting Towers, "The End."
- Scene 3. The Ball Room at Tooting Towers, "The Arrest."

ACT II.

- Scene 1. The Dungeon, "Awaiting Death."
- Scene 2. The Prison Roof, "The Escape."
- Scene 3. The Cruel Sea, "For England and Honor."



"Not wisely, but too well." Typical scene. The pursuing villain calmly surveys his handiwork, while the golden-haired orphan sobs: "Mama! mama! wake up! Don't look like that! Speak to your little Tootsey!"



DORÉ DAVIDSON
Author of a hundred melodramas

In the bright lexicon of the melodramatic playwright, there are no such words as "motive," "character," or "logical development;" but "scene," "startling situation," "appalling peril and heroic rescue" are writ large. His world is indeed a strange one, where the impossible is of everyday occurrence; where miracles come and hunt people up to participate in them; where it is biff, bang! a constant series of phenomena, without preparation or proper sequence.

Deadly enemies are always encountering one another in subterranean caverns, or up in balloons, as in "The Great Ruby," or in diving-suits under the sea, as in "The White Heather." If there is a railway train, you naturally expect to see somebody bound and gagged and lying across the track in front of it, as in "Under the Gaslight;" or else the locomotive will dash through a burning forest, as is inevitable in "Ninety and Nine." If there is a race-horse, such as "The Sporting Duchess" bets fortunes on and habitually wins, he is sure to be doped and crippled just as he was about emerging from the paddock, the Derby favorite. "A Working Girl's Wrong" only stops short of her murder, because that would interrupt her meteoric career as heroine. Jim Bludsoe's steamboat blows up and catches fire, on purpose, so that he can stand upon the burning deck, or some other place where he don't belong, and "hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot's ashore!"

Theodore Kremer, author of "The Fatal Wedding," "The Evil Men Do," and a whole four-page catalogue of lurid thrillers, though he is not yet forty years old, may be taken as our most conspicuous contemporary example of the rapid-fire melodramatist. He is a sort of human biograph, projecting his moving pictures upon a blood-red screen. Like all of his craft, as a general rule, he draws his material from present-day life and current events. This constitutes at once the strength and



The wild ride for life on a racing locomotive through the burning forest

the weakness of his work. It enjoys immense vogue with the masses of theatre-goers, partly owing to the well-known fact that they will gladly expend their money and enthusiasm on a stage copy of the Brooklyn Bridge or the Flatiron Building, or a fake three-round sparring bout, or a fire-engine, or Mr. Vincent Crummels' real pump, when the same things in actuality do not interest them in the remotest degree. On the other hand, when the playwright takes

a real event of sensational public interest, such as the escape of the Biddle brothers from the Pittsburg jail, and their sanguinary finish, or the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, or the Burdick murder and automobile suicide at Buffalo, or the recent mysterious death of the book-maker, "Cæsar" Young—the outcome is failure, almost invariably. The reason is obvious. Melodrama's appeal is to the imagination rather than to the intelligence, therefore it must keep clear of literal detail. Known facts hamper it and kill its effects. Moreover, real tragedies, like those just mentioned, are dramatic not so much in the action itself as in the character-motives leading up to the climax of action—and of any effective analysis of such character-motives the yellow dramatist is utterly and grotesquely incapable.

In the yellow drama, scenery is the protagonist, sensation the main argument, and "business" the *leit-motif*. An actor of ability and refinement was engaged for the polished-villain rôle in a recent important melodramatic production, "personally staged by the Author." At the first rehearsal he attended, he was directed to saunter nonchalantly on the stage and seat himself on the street-cleaner's ash-cart, which occupied a conspicuous position at R. C. The puzzled actor did as he was told, and presently discovered that the sole *raison d'être* of this extraordinary piece of business was to give the comedy



"Take her, my lad, and a father's blessing on both of youse"

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The racing melodrama. Just before the horses dash past, the villain, foiled, darts a deadly look on the hated rival

street-cleaner the cue to say to the gentlemanly villain: "You git off that cart—there's enough rubbish thrown in it already!"

Naturally, the concoction of such work is a trade quite unrelated to literary composition or any ordered process of thought. It does require, however, an intimate practical acquaintance with the stage, an instinct for dramatic effect, and long experience of the idiosyncrasies of audiences. That is why the successful authors are, with comparatively few exceptions, men who have "made good" as actors. The rule applies, of course, to every species of play-writing; but, confining ourselves for the present to melodrama, we find among the actor-authors such well-known names as: Theodore Kremer, Hal Reid, Corse Payton, Ramsay Morris, Doré Davidson, Lawrence Maiston, John Kellard, Milton Nobles, Edward McWade, John A. Stevens, Edgar Selwyn, Fred Niblo, J. J. McCloskey, Joe Grismer, Charles T. Vincent, Mark E. Swan, Edwin Barbour, Wm. Harworth, and James R. Garey. Messrs. Joseph Arthur, Clay M. Greene, Sydney Rosenfeld, Chas. Klein, Paul Potter, Chas. T. Dazey, Scott Marble, C. E. Callahan, H. Grattan Donnelly, J. W. Harkins, Jr., Edward Elsner, Howard P. Taylor, and Channing Pollock, are all identified with melodramatic work, some exclusively, others as an occasional venture. Of course, these are not the yellow dramatists—on the contrary, they are men who incline to take themselves and their art almost too seriously.

Doré Davidson, the author of a hundred lurid plays, is a staunch champion of melodrama. To the writer he said recently:

"The most prominent and enduring plays before the public to-day are undeniably melodrama—'Du Barry,' 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'La Tosca,' 'Arizona,' 'Secret Service,' 'Two Orphans,' and hundreds of others, are in a full sense what the word implies. All such plays as 'Quo Vadis,' 'Ben Hur,' 'Daring of the Gods,' and others classified as spectacular, belong properly to the melodramatic class. Strip it of its coloring, remove from it the grandeur of the scenic setting, look at the naked play under all the wealth of embellishment, and what have you?—melodrama, the staff of play-writing. While the melodrama is held in ill-repute by the most intelligent theatre-goers, I claim that there is no drama, comedy or spectacular play written nowadays that does not resort to the old tricks to awaken audiences and bring the curtain down with triumphant acclaim. The harm is in the abuse of the word, and not in the melodrama itself, which after all represents the safest investment for managers, and also the cleanest motives. The sensational plays of to-day, called 'melodrama,' are a succession of incidents tacked together with

words lacking intelligible human expression, carrying the incidents along without rhyme or reason to so-called climaxes—or to an unexpected interruption creating an emotion similar to surprise, and giving to the central figure the dominant attitude always in defense of a heroine filled with manufactured emotion, supplied *ad lib*. The melodrama proper is a succession of the same outwardly commonplace incidents in life, but the characters are made to suffer and express what human nature might feel under those conditions, and each scene is so constructed as to impress the beholder as an actuality. The difference between the sensational play and genuine melodrama is, that one is a play and the other isn't. The builder of a sensational play is neither an author nor an adapter, while the author or adapter of a melodrama might justly lay claim to some skill in that line. In defense of the sensational playwright, however, I will venture to say that if the public are willing to pay their money to see these so-called plays, keep it up by all means as long as they will stand for it."

On such a line of argument, a continuous output of the sensational is assured, and the gayety of civilized nations promoted by such masterpieces as "No Wedding Bells for Her," "For Her Children's Sake," and "Why Women Sin."

All that is required is a "catchy" title, a pair of scissors, and the ear of a producing manager. Maybe the manager himself will take the initiative. Passing a bookstall, his eye is caught by the title of a paper-covered summer novel: "He Loved, But He Moved Away." Ten cents buys the book. Then to the house dramatist—who is also stage manager, play-reader, press agent, and a few other perfunctory things—the following dispatch:

"Throw me a melodrama around this title, five acts, each one with a window-lithograph climax, love and heart interest, plenty of ginger, and try and ring in the Jap-Russian war. Must have it next Sunday week—open in New Haven the 29th."

And, lo! 'tis done. Can you wonder that there are more things in the contemporaneous yellow drama than Shakespeare ever dreamt of in his philosophy?

HENRY TYRRELL.



MARGARET ILLINGTON

This promising young actress, known in private life as Mrs. Daniel Frohman, may star next season in Pierre Berton's play "Yvette"

THE ACTRESS WHO FAILED

A certain character actress went to spend some time with a non-professional friend, whose only servant was an old Irish woman. Soon the actress was called away to play a new part in which she distinguished herself by making up to look both old and ugly. In due time she had photographs taken in her "make-up" and she mailed one to the friend with whom she had been staying, who in turn showed it to the old Irish servant. The old soul was completely overcome, and exclaimed: "Oh, the poor craythur! the poor thing! how she has failed!"

HOW THEATRES ARE MANAGED

No. 5. PREPARING FOR THE NEW SEASON

Byron

THE SCENE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP. GETTING DOWN A MODEL FOR A STAGE SETTING

WHILE the summer vacation has its joys for the actor, —indeed, is forced upon him, sometimes to his embarrassment,—there is little rest for the theatre manager, who no sooner one season ends must begin preparing for the next. In getting his new productions ready there are four different classes of men whom the manager eagerly takes into his confidence. The public rarely hears of them, for their names, while mentioned, are not starred on the programmes, yet the part they take in every production is so important that no dramatic performance could possibly be given without their collaboration. They are the scene painter, the stage carpenter, the electrician, and the property man.

Several seasons ago an extravaganza company, carrying an elaborate scenic equipment, arrived at a theatre to play a week's engagement. After everything had been hauled from the cars to the playhouse it was found, amid great dismay, that the principal effect, a waterfall, had been left behind. Everybody was worried except the stage carpenter. He was the responsible party, and he dismissed the matter with the command, "Leave it to me." Then he went to work. From a near-by grocery he secured half a dozen empty soap boxes. These he put together in the centre of the stage between the painted rock pieces. Next he searched the cellar, and finding a lot of old tin, that had been torn from the roof during a storm, he brought this to the stage. Deftly, and with an eye to the realistic, he covered the boxes with the tin, twisting and jamming it in and out to give it a jagged effect. Then the property man arrived with some green boughs and laid these about the boxes and tin, while the engineer connected a hose to a fire

line pipe so that the water would play over the rocks. At night they turned the water on; it dashed down over the tin, a calcium was turned on the home-made cascade, and the result was so effective that the audience applauded the waterfall before it would allow the chorus to sing.

This but feebly illustrates the ingenuity of the stage carpenter—he who makes the unreal real, who builds castle and cottage, ravine and mountain height, drawing room, conservatory and parlor, all within the four walls of the theatre—anything and everything that the playwright has chosen for the setting of his story. The scene painter, the scene builder, the electrician and the property man have all contributed, but it is the carpenter who is the responsible man for the building up of the set in that brief period known as "between the acts." There is nothing he will not attempt, there are no impossibilities to him, and the writer of plays is safe to allow his fancy to run to any scene or effect, no matter how difficult it may appear on paper.

The carpenter is the real power behind the throne. After everything has been done, it is he and the stage manager who "looks things over" before the curtain is rung up on the scene. On nearly every stage there are two sets of these men, for the

show has its carpenter, electrician and property man as well as the theatre, and they work in conjunction. There are few arguments; every man has some one thing to do, and he does it, and on the quick and skillful handling of the various sets depends much of the success of the performance—for it is the bungling stage crew that makes the waits which work such havoc with the humor of an audience.

From the footlights to the back wall of a theatre there is absolutely nothing



Byron

GOING OVER THE COSTUMES



MISS MAMIE RYAN

Who has just scored another hit in an ingénue rôle in Chicago's latest success "The Forbidden Land."

ing that a good stage carpenter does not thoroughly understand, and in nearly every case can make. With the exception of painting the scenery, every other detail is his. The architect may plan the theatre, and he may plan the back of the stage part, but the stage carpenter is the authority of that mysterious domain. Nine times out of ten it will be found that a stage carpenter has spent his entire life in a theatre—grown up with the business. And it is generally the case that he has a son who is following in his footsteps. The writer knows one stage carpenter who has not only spent all of his life of threescore years and more in a theatre, but he was actually born there. He is William Forster, of Baltimore, whose father and mother were players in one of the old stock companies. His parents lived in rooms in the theatre, and there he was born and there he has been ever since. He has set stages from the time of the elder Booth to the time of Buster Brown, and he is still at it.

The property man of a theatre might well base all of his calculations on the oft-made remark that it is the little things that count. Everything on a stage that is portable is in his department, and he must have a dozen men or half-grown boys to help him. No matter what the actor calls for he is never at a loss to get it—a smoking turkey for a Christmas dinner, a tiger skin, an ancient book, a bank note of any country, a piece of furniture of any period, prehistoric to now—all and more to him are but details, and details which he provides. As soon as the flats, drops and set pieces of a scene are up his work begins—and it begins with the carpet on the floor, the furniture, the piano, the bric-à-brac, the trinkets on the mantel, the pictures on the wall, the boutonnières, and even to those mysterious notes the loss or finding of which has helped so many a dramatist either to more complications or the successful finish of a good scene curtain.

The property man is just as resourceful as the stage carpenter. The latter deals with the big things, and the former has the little ones. With a half a dozen slices of toast, some steaming rice, and a decanter of cold tea he will give the illusion of a course dinner, just as with a piece of silk over a paddle wheel and a boxful of marbles he will create a storm outside of the old homestead that will bring tears as the ingénue flees out into the winter night. And he does not forget. If he does, he makes a farce of a drama and probably seeks other employment the following morning. A good property man will go through a manuscript with the stage manager, and in the briefest time appreciate every detail of the furnishings for any period needed in the stage he has to set. The theatre-goer has but to watch four acts, appreciate what an important part the properties play, and he will understand the efficiency of the property man. For the "striking" of a scene he and his assistants, or clearers, must carefully rehearse so that each man will have several things to do, be sure and do them and

make no mistake, for if a chair is in one place at a dress rehearsal, it must be in the identically same place for every performance thereafter, and this refers to every other property.

The property man likes to draw distinctions, and he does it very neatly. For instance, should a lady find a veil on a table, and the finding of it be a part of the scene, the veil is a property. Should she wear the veil, it comes under the head of costume, and he has nothing to do with it.

The stage electrician is all important. A prominent producer has often remarked: "I don't care about the size of your stage, let me see your switchboard." To-day nothing can be done on the stage without electricity, and this condition has made the electrician a very important factor. He must make the light as well as the shadows, and while doing this on the stage, he must also control his house lights accordingly. While his work carries him about the stage when a set is being made during the progress of an act, his place is at his switchboard, and this rule is absolute. His assistants are many, including the men who operate the arc lights (sometimes calciums), the boys who look after the gas bags, the man who strikes the wires together to make the flash of lightning, and the others who hang and connect the brackets and chandeliers that set the stage. Everything is controlled from his board, and here he works his lights, following the lines and cues as closely as the actor.

In many theatres the old title of "gasman" still clings to the electrician, and one wonders now how they ever did anything with gas. All of which may make appropriate the story of the boy who was to work the "dawn of creation" effect in a spectacle where the old devices were still in use. The scene, a clumsily-painted drop, represented the world hurling into space. The stage was half dark. At the line, "And the Lord said, Let there be light," the boy was to flash a blaze of white light across the stage. But it happened to be a new boy. He stood in the wings holding the end of the lycopodium pipe in his lips. At the cue he was to blow the powder through the flaming alcohol and make the flash. The line was spoken. Darkness still encompassed the earth. The actor spoke the line again—then from the wings came a mighty coughing. The boy had blown his powder inwardly. The "gasman," all in a rage, rushed to the stage manager and exclaimed:

"That darned fool has swallowed the lightning!"

It is a very positive rule back of the curtain that mistakes must never happen, and it is very generally the case that they do not.

WELLS HAWKS.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS GRACE RAUWORTH

Recently seen as Mme. de Grisac in "Tit for Tat." A native of Chicago, Miss Rauworth made her stage debut in "The Wizard of the Nile," and later was engaged by Henry Miller.



Mabel Taliaferro—Child Actress Grown Up

(Chats with Players No. 29)

"A MAUDE ADAMS in appearance, and a Duse in temperament"—this is how a critic described Mabel Taliaferro, the seventeen-year-old actress, who is now playing Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



To the public the sight of the child actress grown up brings the same mingling of pain and pleasure, with regret dominant, that the mother feels when she looks upon her little son fresh shorn of his girlish curls and garbed in the dignity of his first knickerbockers. A year ago Mabel Taliaferro was confessedly a child actress playing juvenile rôles. To-day she is "grown up" and receiving offers of leading woman parts. The metamorphosis was as sudden as it was complete. Audiences that last year knew her for a sweet, serious-faced child in short frocks and braids, have to refresh their memories by referring a second and third time to their programmes to account for the personality of this tall, slightly-stooping young woman with an Ethel Barrymore droop of the shoulders and a Maude Adams elfishness of features.

It was her seventeenth birthday last month that marked the epoch. To the pretty, cosy apartment on West Eightieth street, near Central Park, there came a procession of messenger boys bringing flowers and telegrams, letters, even jewels. The young hostess was graceful, though in her first long dress. She smiled, though her head ached under the weight of its first high coiffure. When she was asked to sing she chose a ballad and sang it in a woman's mezzo-soprano instead of a child's treble. From the hall, into which he had been crowded by an excess of big folk, came a boy's shrill protest when the song was finished.

"O, dear! Mabel's grown up!"

The older guests sighed and the younger ones laughed, and since that birthday party, when seventeen pink candles ornamented the cake, the audiences to which Mabel Taliaferro has been playing have sighed and laughed in turn. The truth is apparent. The child has grown up.

"It was when mamma received an offer for me to play the leading woman's part in Mrs. Burnett's piece, 'In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,' that I realized I was no longer a little girl," said the ex-child actress, whom, by the way, James A. Herne declared the

greatest child actress in the world. "They don't engage children to play 'leads.' It was a delightful surprise. I hadn't thought of it before. I could not accept the part because of my contract to play Lovey Mary in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' but I felt as though I were what the women who want to vote say they are—emancipated! I am so tired of child parts!"

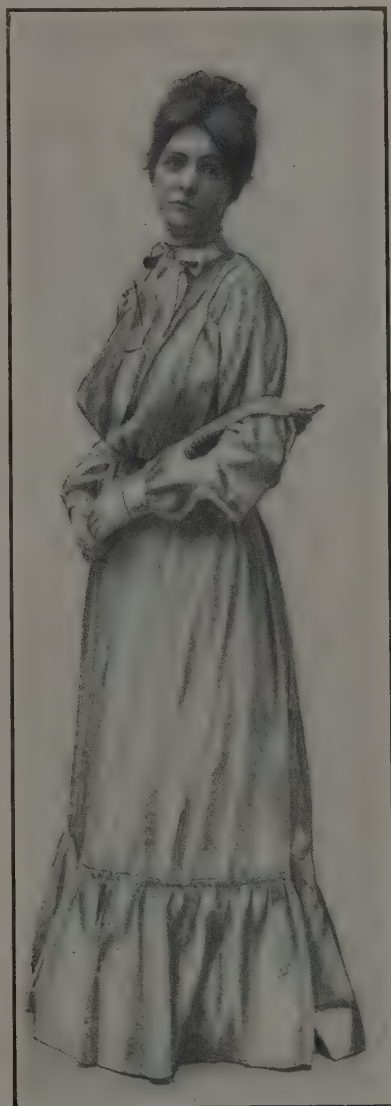
She has been playing them for thirteen years, ever since, a baby of three, she toddled on the stage in "Blue Jeans" and spoke her one line with charming enunciation:

"Mamma, do you think Santa Claus will come to-night?"

After that successful début in a red flannel nightgown, she appeared every season in one or more productions. She was the infant support of Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott. She has not escaped the rôle of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." With Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytall she played "In Fair Virginia." She played the child part in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Lost River" and "The Price of Peace." For two seasons she was the child member of a Philadelphia stock company, and for a year belonged to the Lyceum Stock Company of New York. When only thirteen years of age she was earning \$75 a week. She was the careworn, sweet-natured little house mother of "The Children of the Ghetto." Last year she played Ermyngarde in "The Little Princess," and the fairy in the poem drama, "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats. Last summer she visited the Irish poet at his castle in Ireland, and there met Lady Gregory, who is as



Mabel Taliaferro at nine years of age



Mabel Taliaferro grown up

much interested as he in the revival of Gaelic literature.

"Ah!" said the slim girl with the blue gray eyes, in which dreams lay, clasping her hands in delight, "you have it here, Mr. Yeats! You live in the Land of Heart's Desire!"

"Temperament! The soft, warm climate of the soul! She has it," exclaimed the young Irishman. "She will star some day, and I shall write her play!"

"It is rather hard," said the young actress to the writer, "to look back any farther than five years ago, when I played Esther in 'The Children of the Ghetto,' but I can remember distinctly the opening in New York. As you know, I had rather an important part, that of the gentle, little sister-mother, not strong in the plot of the play, but strong in the plot of the story. I made my first entrance without the slightest sensation of uneasiness or fear, and was absolutely unconcerned. It was not that I was so conceited as to think I could not fail, but I so little realized the responsibility of what I had to do that it was just like real life. Now, if I have three 'sides,' or only three lines, I almost faint with fright. The only way I can account for it is that the more one goes into a study and the more familiar one becomes with it the less we really know when we solve it, and the more uncertain we become, for the simple reason that we realize how much more there is to know, and therefore feel unfit to play the smallest part.

"I confess there is nothing more essential than confidence, first in one's self, second in one's play (which we seldom have), and, third, in one's audience. It is the juice of the orange, the fragrance of the flower, the sap of the tree. Without it one becomes self-conscious, uncertain, mechanical, and for that reason alone cannot drift into the character she is to portray.

"An important step in the development of the child actress into the 'grown-up' in my case is shown in the way I study my part. It is strange to look back upon, in one's new light of wisdom, that if at that time any one tried to assist or give advice I spurned him and would have none of it. Now I only want to memorize the lines and after that I want to go to the author or stage manager for advice, and love to have him come to me and suggest an improvement or point out a failing.

"I find little difference between the old days and the new in the way I receive applause. It has always been and always

will be pleasing, unless it comes in the midst of a very intense scene, such as some of the scenes in 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' It then seems to break the poetic illusion and atmosphere. But it is almost always encouraging and makes the actor feel that the audience is with him not only in spirit, but in heart.

"It may be that I am getting restless of late, but I do not seem to look forward as much to going to the theatre as I used to. The only time I seem to get into the swing of it is when I am face to face with my audience and deliver my lines.

"I read a great deal now, poetry, biography and philosophy—I don't care for novels—study a little and think a great deal, so I am busy during the day.

"As for the stage as a profession, frankly I am very fond of the work in the theatre, but I can't say I find any great joy in the traveling, the routine, hotel life, or the uncertainty of the outlook from one season to another.

"I find it very trying and tiring, and I would never give up my life to it as some have done. O, never!

"After all, I am just as any one else is. I often wish I could feel as any true artist would about the trials of the life, but I can't help looking forward to a nice home, not an apartment, nor even a house, but a real, comfortable home wherever I wish it to be, and that I might stay in it and enjoy it."

Her stage ideal is Julia Marlowe. Her stage ambition is to play Juliet while she is still in the age of Shakespeare's passionate young heroine. It seems a swift step from her interviews with Commodore Gerry to those with a possible Romeo.

The little grown-up has not spent more than two years in school.

One of these was at the Convent

of the Holy Angels at Fort Lee, where she was the classmate of Lillian Russell's daughter, recently introduced to the stage as Dorothy Russell. Yet she was one of the canny bairns who would go far to prove the Theosophist's claim that some among us have been born many times and lived many lives. Fancy a girl of sixteen whiling away the tedium of an Atlantic crossing in reading Darwin's "Descent of Man," or that selfsame, unschooled child's choice of Keats as her favorite poet. She so interested Marconi that the Italian inventor took her to the Marconigram station on the boat and explained his system to her, she being the only passenger so honored. She carries as an amulet a Marconigram written by Signor Marconi.

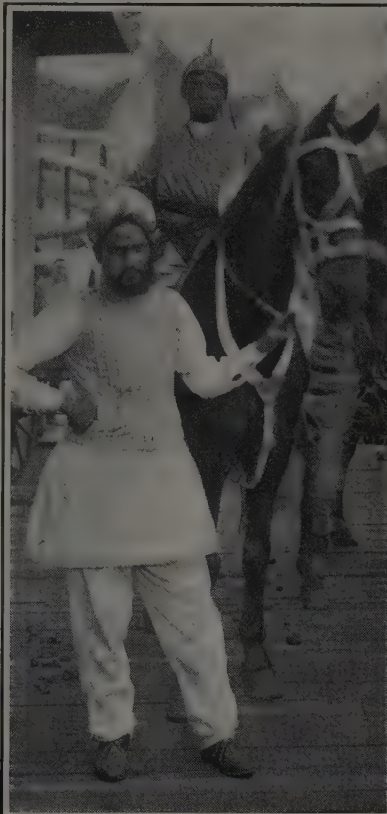


Otto Sarony Co.

GEORGE ARLISS

This distinguished English actor, whose admirable performance as the Minister of War in "The Darling of the Gods" will be remembered, has been engaged to play important rôles with Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre. Mr. Arliss was formerly with Mrs. Patrick Campbell when he appeared as Pastor Falk in "Beyond Human Power" and as the Duke in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Mr. Arliss is also a playwright, his comedy "There and Back" having been one of the successes at the Princess Theatre last season.

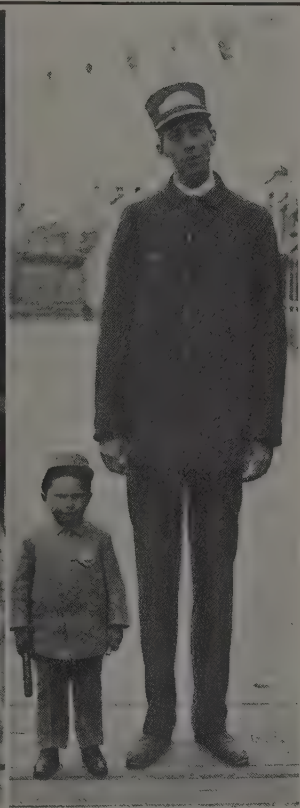
Some of the Attractions at Luna Park, Coney Island



Type of East Indian seen in the Durbar



Night scene viewed from the hanging gardens



The long and short of it



The East Indian section where the world-famed Durbar is reproduced. This picture shows the number of East Indian natives and others used in the performance

Her temperament and ideality are an inheritance from her Italian ancestors. Her family is noble by descent, and won its name in Italy from the breaking of a sword in a feudal pact ("Talya," half; and "ferro," sword). She is a relative of United States Senator Taliaferro. Her mother was an actress and now coaches child actors for the stage. Her younger sister, Edith, is the saucy little brunette who shines for five brilliant moments in Clyde Fitch's "The Girl With the Green Eyes."

Since she has grown up, Mabel Taliaferro is haunted by the spectre that glooms before all actresses, the bugbear of the pro-

fession—growing old.

"I must work hard," she says, "for I have only a few years. An actress's successful period is so short! For long years she is growing up, and for still more years she is growing old. There is such a little while between. It reminds one of the hymn, 'Work, for the Night is Coming,' doesn't it? I dread the time when managers will say of me, as I have heard them say of so many others, 'She is too old to play the part.' Then I suppose there is only one thing left for the poor actress, and that is, to marry—rich."

ADA PATTERSON.

The Early Struggles of Emma Abbott

BY THE LATE SINGER'S MANAGER

IN the early sixties, when I was exhibiting in the West, we often ran across a poor, strolling musician and his daughter. They were going from town to town, giving concerts in parlors and hotels, depending for a living upon what small sums were given them. The old man played the violin, while his daughter sang; sometimes she played her own accompaniment on a guitar. The child was Emma Abbott, and she was at that time about twelve years old. Even at that early age she had a remarkable and wonderfully developed voice. When our show arrived at Battle Creek, Mich., we met the couple again, and being short of musicians, I made arrangements with them to help us out. They went with us to a number of towns, and we would gladly have given the girl a steady engagement, but we did not want the old man, as he had a fondness for the flowing bowl. About seven years later I was with the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company, and one evening when we were in Toledo, Ohio, and I was at the door taking tickets, I noticed a young girl loitering in the hall. Her face looked familiar. She did not attempt to procure a ticket at the box-office, or to approach me at the door, but disappeared. At the hotel, after the opera, the same girl came up to me and called me by name. Then I saw that she was the old strolling musician's daughter, Emma Abbott.

She told me that she had got tired of her father's ways. Her love for music was intense, and she was trying to get to New York to find some way there to cultivate her voice. She had left Chicago, her home, a few days before, taking her guitar, a small satchel, and only money enough to pay her way to Fort Wayne, Ind. She was depending on her singing to furnish her with the additional funds needed to take her to her destination. At Fort Wayne she gave a concert in a hotel parlor, which did not produce enough money to pay the hotel bill for the night, so she pawned

her guitar and made her way to Toledo, where she knew Miss Kellogg to be, and whom she was anxious to meet. On her arrival that night she had not the means to purchase a ticket to the Opera House and she did not make herself known to me. She asked me to intercede in her behalf and persuade Miss Kellogg to hear her sing. Miss Kellogg consented, and was so well pleased with Miss Abbott's voice that, after listening to her plans and learning what hardships she had passed through, offered to pay her way to New York. She also gave her a letter of introduction to a number of people there and money enough to pay for her board. She was to start for New York the next day, but she had such a great desire to hear her benefactress sing that Miss Kellogg said: "Yes, you stay here to-day and go on to Cleveland with us to-morrow, our next stopping-place." She did so, and that night Emma Abbott for the first time in her life listened to a first-class opera company singing "The Bohemian Girl."

The next day, after we arrived in Cleveland, I saw Miss Abbott off on the train for New York. As we were standing on the platform, Miss Abbott, in great ecstasy, talked of the opera and the singing of Miss Kellogg. After a short pause, with her face turned toward Heaven and an uplifted hand, she said: "With the help of God, I will also reach that pinnacle of musical fame." Those who have heard Emma Abbott sing know that she succeeded.

After arriving in New York she went to the Plymouth

Church in Brooklyn to meet Henry Ward Beecher, who received her very kindly, and at once gave her introductions which secured her admission to the choir, where she first learned to read music. She then secured a \$600 per year position in the choir of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York. From there she went to Dr. Chapin's Church as soloist, and there she met her future husband, Eu-



From a pencil sketch by the author

LITTLE EMMA ABBOTT AND HER FATHER GIVING CONCERTS IN HOTEL PARLORS



FAY TEMPLETON

This popular music hall singer is now appearing nightly at Klaw & Erlanger's new "Aerial Gardens," New York City

gene Wetherell. In 1872 a fund was raised by her admirers in New York and Brooklyn to send Miss Abbott abroad to complete her musical education. Mr. Beecher subscribed a large sum. Miss Kellogg bought her ticket to Europe, and once more saw that her purse was well filled.

Her instructor in Paris had a daughter of Baron Rothschild in his class, and she and Miss Abbott became well acquainted. The daughter told her mother of Miss Abbott's wonderful voice, and the Baroness sent her an invitation to visit them at their chateau, and despatched the family coach for her. After the Baroness had heard Miss Abbott sing, and before she left the chateau, she presented the young American with a check for 10,000 francs and offered to pay her bills for tuition.

Only once did Miss Abbott have any bad luck from the time she met Miss Kellogg at Toledo. Everything she touched seemed to succeed. The one exception occurred shortly after the completion of her studies. An impresario from London made a flattering offer to Miss Abbott. She went to England, and while in London she married Mr. Wetherell. Her engagement was to sing in the Italian Opera House, and she made her debut in "La Fille du Regiment," but it is supposed that a disappointed rival for the position organized

a cabale against her, and she was hissed as she left the stage. The impresario cancelled the engagement, and she returned

to New York, where she organized an opera company, with the present writer as business manager, and for several seasons she toured all the larger cities of the United States. She was best liked in the popular operas of Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, and in "Faust," "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Chimes of Normandy," and others.

When she died in 1888, only thirty-eight years old, Emma Abbott had accumulated a fortune estimated at over half a million dollars. In her prosperity she provided for all her poorer relatives and in her will made ample provisions for them. To her father, who survived her many years, she left the income of twenty thousand dollars. She also left money to those who had befriended her in her early life. Memorial plates commemorating her life are placed on the organs in Plymouth Church and the Madison Avenue Church in New York. She gave large sums to each of these churches, the money being spent in enlarging and remodeling the organs.

Emma Abbott is remembered by the public as a delightful artist, and by those who knew her personally as a kind, sympathetic friend.

DR. JUDD.



MISS RUBY BRIDGES

Who made a hit recently as Wing-Tee in "A Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin." The above picture shows this interesting young actress as Anna Moore in "Way Down East"

The Girl Behind the Footlights

WE have heard in song and story and every one has told
Of "The Man Behind" this and that; in fact it's growing old;
But we never hear a word about a girl in any case;
The Girl Behind the Footlights is worthy of a place.

Her life is not all sunshine, she plays a merry part;
But the footlight's glare hides from view oft an aching heart.
She does her best to please you; she is always at her post,
The press, perchance, may praise her work; but often it's a "roast."

Her smile is bright and cheery; she looks so gay and fair;
But underneath the grease-paint may be many lines of care.
You hear she squanders money; that she only cares to roam;
You don't hear about the money that she is sending home.

She also strives for success! she's always "in the hunt."
There's lots of things that you don't know—all of you "out front."
You'll find she makes the best of wives and worthy of your name.
Let's give her a little niche in our mighty Hall of Fame.

She's trying hard to reach the top—the rungs are slippery, too;
Just put yourself in her place and see what you would do.
So fill your glasses to the brim and toast her near and far:
To "The Girl Behind the Footlights," from the chorus to the star!

SUZANNE ROCAMORA.



Scene in Gorky's drama "Wania," recently presented in St. Petersburg. Arrest of the young peasant on the charge of murder

The National Drama of Russia

RUSSIA had practically no national drama up to a comparatively very recent date. At the time when England already boasted of a Shakespeare, Spain a Lope de Vega, France a Molière, the Russian stage was barren of everything except a few childish mystery plays.

The first germs of dramatic art were taken to Russia from Poland. Mysteries were performed in Kief by the theological students, who also visited the neighboring towns. But

how little the drama was understood even in Poland three centuries ago may be gleaned from this well authenticated incident. During a sitting of the Polish Diet in Warsaw, the representatives and populace were entertained by a mystery called "The Passion." The performance was given on the open common, and the nobles looked on sitting astride their horses. When it came to the scene where Judas betrays Christ, one of the nobles exclaimed: "Panovie! How could you stand quietly and see such rascality taking place before your very eyes? Kill the scoundrel, kill him! If you won't, I'll kill him myself!" And without further ado he took aim and the unfortunate actor fell fatally wounded by an arrow.

The birth of the Russian drama proper dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. In its beginning the Russian stage subsisted either on translations of trashy French melodramas or on patriotic native tragedies, which were not much better from a literary standpoint. As an oasis in this trackless dramatic desert appeared the author, Von Wisin, whose plays, although cut on the French pattern, are full of originality and independent thought, and some of his types remain to this day appellatives in Russian literature.

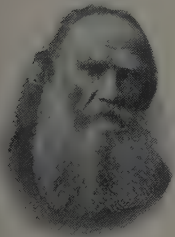
The liberation of the Russian stage from imitating the French models commenced in

the reign of Nicholas I. Masterpieces such as "Sorrows of Wisdom," by Gribayedoff; "Boris Godunoff," by the famous poet Pushkin, and later on, "The Inspector" and "The Wedding," by the incomparable Gogol, whose laughter is so full of tears, appeared on the Russian stage in quick succession, awakening it to new life and vigor. But, notwithstanding the high literary merit of the plays mentioned, it cannot be said of their authors that they were the creators of the Russian national drama in any true sense. Their productions were insufficient in number and far between, and could not, therefore, have any lasting influence on the stage, being swallowed up in the whirlpool of cheap blood-curdling melodramas. The real Russian national drama did not exist until 1850, when the powerful plays of Alexander Nikolayewitch Ostrovsky first made their appearance on the stage. The time coincides with the general regenera-

tion of Russian literature in all its branches; but on the stage this regeneration declared itself with still greater force.

A. N. Ostrovsky was born in 1823 in Moscow. His father was a poor attorney, whose means of existence were derived from the petty law suits common among the merchants. Types of these merchants are frequently met in Ostrovsky's comedies. His first plays, "Pictures of Family Happiness" and "We Are Not Strangers; We Will Settle It Among Ourselves," were published in the *Moskvityanin*, and the latter play made a great noise. "The merchants of Moscow were enraged at its transparent illusions, and complained to the authorities. The play was thereupon declared pernicious and insulting to the whole merchant class; the author was put under police surveillance and the press forbidden to discuss the plays.

Ostrovsky's dramatic activity began and continued up to the last days of his life, under



Count Tolstoi



I. S. Turgeneff



Mlle. M. A. Ferial

Favorite actress at the Théâtre St. Michel, St. Petersburg

many disadvantages. He had to begin everything anew. Public taste had to be educated, better actors trained, and all this in face of continual attack by the censor, the directors of the Imperial theatres, the merchant class and the nobility. His play, "Don't Sit In Another's Sleigh," when produced in the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, displeased the nobility, and there is no doubt that this piece would also have been prohibited if not for the personal intervention of the Czar, who was present at the first performance and was so pleased with it that he expressed himself about it in the following words: "There are a very few plays that have given me so much pleasure. It is not a play, it's a lesson."

But in those days even the favor of the Czar could not always save a play from the hands of the ruthless censor, who had a free rein. When Golovnin became Minister of Public Instruction, he tried to win the friendship of men of letters. With this end in view, he described Ostrovsky's historical drama, "Minin," to the Czar as a beautiful production of dramatic art, with the highest patriotic sentiments. The Czar expressed his approval by presenting the author with a diamond ring, but the censor prohibited the drama. He praised it for its patriotism, but at the same time declared it "untimely" for presentation, and the play was pigeon-holed for seven years at the Bureau of the Third Section [Secret Service].

Ostrovsky's plays are distinguished by their almost classical simplicity. They are lacking in intricately-woven intrigues, scenic effects and sensations. In each of his dramas real life surges in a slow, relentless stream before the eyes of the spectators. There can be no doubt that Ostrovsky has had great influence over Ibsen, for there is marked similarity in the methods of both dramatists.

Ostrovsky wrote more than fifty plays, which were performed throughout the whole Russian Empire, but that did not secure him from actual want. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote September 27, 1866, to Mr. E. Burdin, an official in the management of the Imperial theatres:

"I think I shall have to retire from theatrical work. I do not derive any benefit from it, although the theatres of the whole of Russia live on the proceeds of my pen. I have written more than twenty-five orig-

inal plays, and yet I do not receive more consideration from the managers than any hack translator."



MISS EMILY STEVENS

Daughter of Robert Stevens, the veteran manager, and niece of Mrs. Fiske, with whom she has been appearing for the past two seasons

After Ostrovsky, the first place in the Russian national drama belongs to I. S. Turgenieff, several of whose plays are still very popular on the Russian stage. Count Leo Tolstoi, Pisemsky and Alex. Tolstoi have contributed very little to the drama. Count Tolstoi's "Fruits of Enlightenment" and "The Power of Darkness" had very little success; of Pisemsky's several plays, the only one which survived was "A Bitter Destiny," classic work in which the Russian peasant for the first time in the history of the Russian drama appeared as he really is, true to life, not idealized and unembellished. Of Alex. Tolstoi's trilogy, "The Death of Ivan the Terrible," "Zar Fyvdor Ivanovitch," and "Zar Boris," only the first drama, which Richard Mansfield has recently added to his repertoire, is in continuous demand; the others are seldom performed.

Of the other less prominent dramatic writers, A. D. Palm is considered the most important. I. V. Spaggijsky occupies a prominent place in the contemporary drama, and he is now President of the Society of Russian Dramatists. A. A. Potyckhin was the first

direct follower of Ostrovsky. N. Solovyoff had the rare fortune to draw the attention of Ostrovsky to his first production, and the master dramatist wrote several plays with him in collaboration.

Of greater importance in the contemporary repertoire of the Russian stage are the plays of Victor Kriloff. This writer gave evidence of fine literary skill and taste in his earlier plays, but he did not remain long at the elevation of his first flight, and soon degenerated into a mere theatrical hack. He has written more than a hundred plays, mostly adaptations from the French. Alex Pechkof—better known as Maxime Gorky—the poet of the plain people, is now directing his attention to the stage.

The Russian national drama has thriven wholly upon the sap it has absorbed from the writers of the early forties and fifties, and its decline also dates from the general deterioration of Russian literature. Here-and there a flash of genius illumines the general sterility. Anton Tsekhoff and a few other of the leading contemporary writers have contributed their share to the native stage, but in general the drama has degenerated in Russia.

BERNARD GORIN.



UNA ABELL-BRINKER

As Kundry in "Parafal," as presented at the West End Theatre, New York, recently



Photo Burr McIntosh

NANETTE COMSTOCK

This popular and charming young actress, who in private life is the wife of Frank Burbeck of Charles Frohman's stock company, will be starred next season by James K. Hackett in "The Crisis." Miss Comstock has been on the stage for a number of years and played a wide variety of rôles. She was born in Albany in 1871, and made her début on the stage in 1887 in Charles Hoyt's farce "A Hole in the Ground." Later she was seen in "A Tin Soldier," and afterwards in "Natural Gas," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her next success was made in 1889 in "A Gold Mine" with N. C. Goodwin. The following summer she appeared at the special matinee of "Kerry" at the Madison Square Theatre. She originated the rôle of Laura Norris in the first American production of "Bootles' Baby," and when Bronson Howard's war play "Shenandoah" was done at the Star Theatre, Sept. 9, 1889, she successfully acted the part of Madeleine West. Since then she has been seen in "Nathan Hale," "Joan of the Shosals," and quite recently with Willie Collier in "The Dictator."

The Drama as an Educator

BY CLARA MORRIS

IT has had the richest wealth of time and toil and mind of all ages poured into it to bear interest forever. Shakespeare, its grandest exemplar—all nature's heart and brain—still at the end of three hundred years tops the intellect of the world. From such a height his view of the drama and the actor's art will be accepted as clear and sound. He did not say, as many suppose he did, that the office of acting is to hold the mirror up to nature, but "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;" apparently a very small distinction, which makes

a great difference. Severe nature, a bald copy, would be tiresomely stupid in presentation. It has been tried and the flat realism failed. It is the ideal and not the real that is the true in art. It is the type and not the individual—humanity and not men, that the drama personifies. The dramatist does not pick up the common man and woman, but selects the exceptional growth and development of man out of the masses for models of character; and they are true in the art perspective of the stage—just as the statue of heroic proportions is toned to nature at the height of its pedestal. These figures pass into the consciousness of the people as models of virtue and heroism to imitate, or monsters of vice to shun. Such conceptions and embodiments become electrified with the life of real historic persons, and live and act with the force of historical figures.

The realest and liveliest man in Switzerland is William Tell; yet he was conceived in the brain of Goethe, who delivered the embryo over to Schiller, who brought him among men for their admiration and advancement. And Tell is the towering Alpine type. So of the other dramatic heroes.

Thus the drama gives us the higher models for the general education. They are always above the class from which they spring, and to which they appeal, inviting to a higher plane of intellectual culture and æsthetic enjoyment.

The vicious man sitting at the worst play cannot see or hear anything so rank as his own vice. He is first caught when nothing else could catch him, and then led up and *educated*; and taking even this low grade of entertainment, he is in better company and surroundings than he would have been if he had not gone to the playhouse, and he will come away so much the better man. He is lured through his own low instincts, if you will, but he is immediately elevated in thought and sympathy to the higher level of the mimic scene, and awakening reason's transformation makes him *man*.

The man who cannot read goes to the play and sees pictures of beauty and hears lessons of history, heroism, virtue, life; and he is *educated*. Into the same company come the cultured student, the man of letters, the learned professor and the sage philosopher, and they are educated, too, for the magic of the drama discloses to their higher understanding a still higher ideal of possible being.

Thus the drama educates the ignorant, educates the educated, and educates the educator in that vast temple where the dramatic trinity, Melpomene, Thalia and Euterpe, minister at their altar of rational entertainment and universal enlightenment. With this spectacle of man at his congenial, intellectual pastime, who shall say the drama is not a universal educator?



Photo Bennett

Clara Morris with her pet spaniel Pattle, in her picturesque home at Riverdale on the Hudson



Photo by Pach

IRIS
(Miss May Schultz)

JUNO
(Miss Augusta Clemenko)

CERES
(Miss Jennie Rosenberg)

Scene in Shakespeare's "Tempest" as produced in the New York Ghetto by members of the Educational Alliance

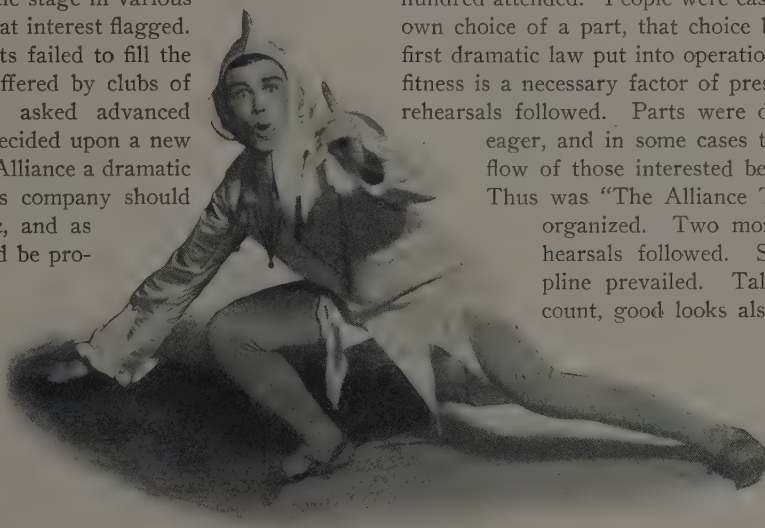
Brewing of the "Tempest" in New York's Ghetto

AMONG the many attempts that have been made in various quarters of this city to provide the working classes with good and uplifting entertainment, none has been more successful than the work done in the New York Ghetto by the Educational Alliance, of which Isador Straus is president. Many wealthy and influential Hebrews take an active interest in the work, which has for its object the moral improvement of the race. For about twelve years entertainments in the Auditorium have been a feature of this institution, ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents being charged for admission to lectures, music, stereopticon exhibitions, and, more recently, dramatic entertainments. The small lecture platform-stage presented serious limitations, but the performances proved popular enough to be made more and more frequent. Sargent's dramatic pupils were imported from uptown to reproduce successes from their Empire matinees. Companies of varying quality were assembled and crowded on to the little stage in various plays. Yet the management felt that interest flagged. It was realized that all these efforts failed to fill the house as did the amateur plays offered by clubs of the neighborhood. These clubs asked advanced prices, too. So the management decided upon a new policy. From the members of the Alliance a dramatic company should be formed. This company should make a careful study of a classic, and as part of the study the classic should be produced. Thus these young people would come into intimate mental contact with classic text, their imagination be stirred to noble ideals, their nature would expand to wider human interests, their bodies be trained to facility of expression, grace and flexibility, their voices cultivated and vocabulary increased and

ennobled, their qualities of self-control, industry and personality strengthened. It was believed that the Neighborhood would take an intimate interest in the performance, and thus the influence of the new movement would extend beyond the walls of the Alliance. Late last November operations began. Shakespeare's "Tempest" was selected as simple in construction, lofty in tone, and suited to unambitious dramatic presentation.

From the various clubs and classes of the Alliance young people were selected. Any one whose interest was aroused by a running account of the piece and a statement that a performance was to be given, was welcomed to an informal reading of the play. This reading was attended by a hundred or more eager young folks, the boys from nine to twenty years old, the girls ranging from fifteen to eighteen. The play was read in simple, straightforward fashion, with no acting. Those interested were called to a series of rehearsals, and about two hundred attended. People were cast according to their own choice of a part, that choice being guided. The first dramatic law put into operation was that physical fitness is a necessary factor of presentation. Reading rehearsals followed. Parts were distributed, and the

eager, and in some cases the desperate overflow of those interested became the audience. Thus was "The Alliance Tempest Company" organized. Two months' strenuous rehearsals followed. Strict theatre discipline prevailed. Talent was at a discount, good looks also. Strict attention was demanded, eager, unflagging interest and a dominating belief that the integrity of the performance rested with each



CALIBAN
(Jacob Helmanowitch)

The excellent make-up and artistic poise of the young man who took this part was remarkable in an amateur.

member of the company, absolute submission to the authority of the stage manager was required, prompt attendance at rehearsals. As rapidly as possible the casts were reduced to members displaying these qualities.

These people, mostly Russian Jews, are employed in the shops up and down town, they attend the City College, Columbia University, Normal College, Public High School. Some of them are in banks, some in the great drygoods stores, others in restaurants and tailoring shops. They live everywhere, Hoboken, Harlem, East and West Sides, up and down town. By rushing immediately from public school the younger players could reach rehearsal by 3:15 p. m.; others rehearsed from 7 or 8 till 10 or 11 p. m. Full rehearsals could be managed Sundays only, other days the casts had to be handled in bunches, according to the hours they could give. Rehearsals were shifted from pillar to post. The Auditorium serves as lecture hall, school, Synagogue, and is let to outsiders, and was therefore not available for more than two or three rehearsals. Such work! Meanwhile, characterizations began to take shape, voices rounded and deepened, inflections became alive, lines were learned, the cast was put to work "on its feet," the action of the play began to form itself out of the requirements of the text, the relations of each character to the play, and to all other characters were worked out.

Costumes! They could not be got at any of the costumers. Unusual play, they said. Only vague notions of the period. Great expense! The management marched out and bought stuffs in the neighborhood of the Alliance and the cast was costumed beautifully and suitably, every stitch done by local seamstresses, according to pictures of the period. Shoes, swords, caps, jewels, were all gathered together, one of the eager extras of the company became wardrobe master, and each character's entire costume was boxed ready for use, and guarded jealously. Daniel Frohman lent bits of the Daly production of "The Tempest," and as to lights, the engineer of the Auditorium rose to the occasion. Wires sprung up in all directions—"cutoffs" were accomplished, "switches" were multiplied—footlights augmented, various "effects" obtained. Stormy gloom, mysterious green, "full sunlight" warming to sunset amber, dashed with red—"buzzers" to convey signals

appeared, and "light effects" were ready. Incidental music was secured from music classes in the Alliance, a neighborhood orchestra fell in line.

The neighborhood was afire with interest. The house was sold out before even the directors were properly looked after. Uptown folk got wind of what was in progress, and stormed for entrance. The two dress rehearsals were crowd-

ed with people who could not be kept out. The first production was given. The play progressed without accident, and the play was there! That is the strange and beautiful part of it all. A lovely unconsciousness of effort, a seriousness of purpose, and a simple dignity of bearing marked the work of each one. Each knew his part and loved it and worked for it out of his heart. And the play was there with all shortcomings of production, and the Shakespearian acting was there! A night or so later the same cast played again and again to a jammed house.

The educational value of this work has been demonstrated. It is to be continued next year, when there will be a picked cast

revival of "The Tempest," and productions of "Ingomar" and "As You Like It," that these shut-in people may enjoy and learn to understand the pastoral drama. And as the new generation grows up, it is going to make itself felt beyond the limits of its native East Side. It is only a drop in the bucket of the theatre-going public, but a drop that may one day become a mighty factor in demanding a higher dramatic standard than indecent farce and inane musical comedy. For this alone, it is worth the effort it costs.

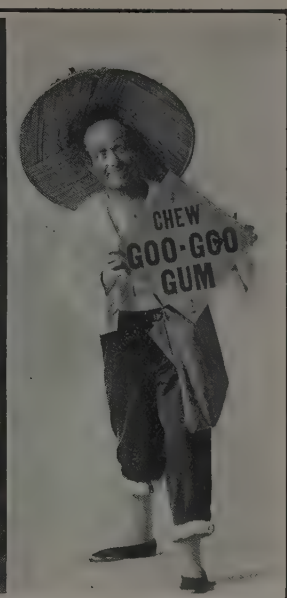


NELLA BERGEN

Wife of De Wolf Hopper and lately seen as Marie in "Wang." Miss Bergen has a dramatic soprano voice and has long been a favorite in comic opera. Next season she will probably be seen in a new De Koven opera.



The famous band of the Republican Guard of Paris which will come to America next month to give concerts at the St. Louis Exposition



ADELAIDE SHARP

As Mo-Zoo May, the first sing-song girl

THE SEVEN LITTLE KOREAN MAIDENS

ARTHUR J. O'BRYAN

As Wi-Ju, the publicity promoter

Characters in "The Sho-Gun," the new Korean comic opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders, which has been running for a long time in Chicago, and will be seen early next season at Wallack's, New York

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART V*

I T was certainly a great load off my mind to have a home like Mrs. Siegrist's waiting for me, instead of having to hunt around for a boarding house, as many girls in my position do. I went to Mr. Canfeld's office on Wednesday, as arranged. There were a number of people waiting, but he saw me at once.

"Good morning, Miss Wemple; have you signed for next season yet?"

"Not yet," I answered, just as if there had been a delegation of managers besieging me with offers.

"Well, if you care to remain under my management, I can offer you a good ingénue part. I have the road rights to 'Love Laughs at Locksmiths.' The piece was a big hit here last winter. I thought you might like the part. The salary is thirty a week. We open in September."

JULIA WEMPLE

It's a wonder I didn't hug him. I had been trembling at the thought of another summer of hustling, and here was every difficulty swept from my path.

Mr. Norman followed me into the hall and said: "Are you happy, little girl?"

"Happy!" I exclaimed.

"What will you do now?" he asked.

"Go straight home and see Aunt Nan."

"How soon?"

"As soon as Miss Debramway sails; I wouldn't miss seeing her off."

We all went to the steamer when our leading lady left, and a few days later Bobby and Mr. Norman came to the train to see me off.

Aunt Nan was in the seventh Heaven of bliss at having me home again. She always referred to me as "My niece, the actress." I was quite a curiosity in the neighborhood.

Harold Gorham would come over in the evenings and camp out on our front porch. He looked sentimental and talked about home being the woman's sphere. He seemed so inane and commonplace after Bobby Tucker and Mr. Norman that I had no patience with him.

I had nice, chatty letters from Mr. Norman, not long, but telling me all the theatrical news I cared to hear, and fascinating letters came from Miss Debramway, written in French. These I labored over with my French and English dictionaries. I answered in such French as I knew. She had obtained an engagement in Paris.

We were called for rehearsal the middle of August. The man who

staged the play had been in the original company, so everything was marked out, and the members of the company were not allowed to deviate one hair's breadth from the instructions given. There were three other girls in the company, Loraine Acton, who played the leading part; May Stanhope, who was the comedy ingénue, and Anne Gregory, who played a character soubrette. My part was an emotional ingénue.

Loraine was a tall, handsome girl, with dark hair; May was blonde and pretty, like Dresden china; Anne Gregory was not pretty, she had irregular features, chestnut hair and gray eyes. Miss Acton and Miss Stanhope were both graduates of dramatic schools.

The stage manager explained that the reason he was so precise about every inflection and piece of business was because he wanted our performance to be as much like the original as possible; then, too, they were through experimenting, everything had been tried and weighed and timed until they knew just the way to produce the effects they wanted, and they must be done that way. I had never seen any one rehearse in such a matter-of-fact way as Miss Gregory did. Having finished her own scenes, she never paid a bit of attention to the rest of the rehearsal; she sat down somewhere and read a book or worked on her embroidery. But she was pleasant and responsive if any one spoke to her. I remarked how trying I found the rehearsals.

"Yes, they are hard," she said. "That's the worst of trying to follow people in parts; you're expected to do exactly as they did, no matter how bad they may have been. I had an experience like this some years ago. One of the men wore a dress suit to breakfast, although there was nothing in the text or directions to justify such a thing, yet whenever the play has been done since, whoever plays that part has been forced to breakfast in a dress suit, because Mr. —, who created the part, did so. In another play, a French farce done at the Madison Square, a similar thing occurred. The leading woman had a beautiful neck, so she appeared in a breakfast gown, cut as décolleté as if it was a ball toilette. One afternoon the four-year-old son of one of the actors was in front, and his mother brought him back between the acts to meet the company, and when he beheld Miss B. he pointed his finger at her and asked, ingenuously: 'Why does she show her chest?' You can imagine the hit it made, as we'd all been wondering the same thing."

We opened near New York. Mr. Canfeld and Mr. Norman came up for the opening. We girls had a very exciting time during the afternoon, unpacking and displaying our costumes. Loraine and May both had beautiful dresses. Anne Gregory's dresses were short prints and

swisses, little childish things. Loraine and May protested, because their clothes had cost them a great deal of money.

"I'll wager," said Anne, "that by the end of the season my part costs me more than either of yours to dress it. You see, I have to have two complete sets of dresses, to say nothing of stacks of underwear, which, when you wear short dresses, is indispensable. My laundry bills are enormous; they charge seventy-five cents apiece to do up one of those little dresses, and sometimes they do them up so effectually that I have to have new ones. Miss Wemple is the only lucky one."

I played a half-breed, so I only wore one rather picturesque but inexpensive dress. When I saw the other girl's finery I was rather wistful, and wished I could wear at least one pretty dress, but Anne's view of the situation changed mine.

Poor Anne, aside from the awful strain it is to get any laundry done at all on one-night stands, washed all her own little white stockings and waists. When we would be off enjoying ourselves, Anne would be at home doing her washing. "If I ever get a part again," she said, "where I don't have to do a Mme. Sans Gêne act on the side I shall be grateful!"

Our stage director left us after a few days. Before leaving, he called Miss Acton, Miss Stanhope and me. "I called you to give you a few words of advice. Miss Gregory does not need any. There are two things I want to impress on you. Don't quarrel with each other and don't have any love affairs in the company."

We took his advice literally. We girls were very friendly, so much so that we had no idea of quarreling, and as we went everywhere together we did not see much of the men in the company. Anyway, they were all interested in somebody else, as their mad rush to the post-office the minute we reached a town betokened. They spent their afternoons answering their missives of Cupid.

We went straight South. We were the first company down there that season, and as the reputation of the play was enormous, we played to immense business. Our notices were all good and the audiences responsive. Southerners are lovely to play to.

That first trip South, although the traveling was hard, was in the nature of a perpetual picnic to May, Loraine and me. Loraine had a passion for trolleying. May and I always accompanied her. Anne would not go on any of these excursions; she had traveled so much that any form of car was hateful to her, and she said she hoped that if she had to stay on the stage that they would invent some sort of pneumatic tube whereby a person could be put in a comfortable, well-ventilated tube and be shot to their destination.

We went up on Lookout Mountain, in Chattanooga. May bought enough souvenir bullets to fit out a regiment. Unfortunately, we got very thirsty, and romantically made leaf cups and drank from a little spring we found in our wanderings. As a consequence, we were all deathly sick before morning. We all met, looking like ghosts, in Anne's room, whither each went for help and sympathy, knowing she carried a baby drug store. She doctored us all up and sent us back to bed. She spent the remainder of the night going from room to room, attending to us in turn.

It was still early Fall and very warm. Our train rides were long and dusty. One day we were traveling in a caboose, hitched on to the end of a lumber train. At first we girls sat in the cupola of the caboose.



Some of the birds seen in the bird operetta, "Woodland," in Boston

Then the boys ventured out one by one and sat on the lumber, clean, pine planks, piled several feet thick on the flat cars. Presently Charlie Stone, about the only one of the actors who didn't tear to the post-office, and whom I think had a strong leaning toward Anne, came back for us, and we all went out and sat on the lumber, too. We sang until we were hoarse. A brakeman soon joined us, and we sang "The Suwanee River." One of the boys nudged me, and I looked at the brakeman. The tears were

streaming down his cheeks. We tried not to notice. Finally he blew his nose violently and returned his handkerchief to his pocket. We looked at him, relieved, and he said: "That's the third cinder I've had in my eye to-day."

If anything unpleasant was to happen, it invariably happened to May. If a party of rats wanted to hold a midnight revel, they always selected May's room, and water-bugs were irresistibly drawn to her. I saw Charlie Stone standing at a stationary washstand one day in a theatre, talking, apparent-

ly, to the wash-basin. I stopped at the door. "Who are you talking to?" I asked.

"This water-bug. I was just telling him he'd made a mistake in the room." May dressed in No. 2.

In New Orleans we wore ourselves to the bone sight-seeing. Anne and May had saturated themselves with Cable's stories, and we made a pilgrimage to the Haunted House on Royal Street. We wanted to go through it, but they wanted fifty cents apiece. We thought that a little high-priced for ghosts in a city so full of them, so we departed. May lingered. Presently she came running after us. "Come on, girls; I've made a theatrical rate; they'll take us through for thirty-five cents apiece. Come on, I'll 'treat' you to the ghosts."

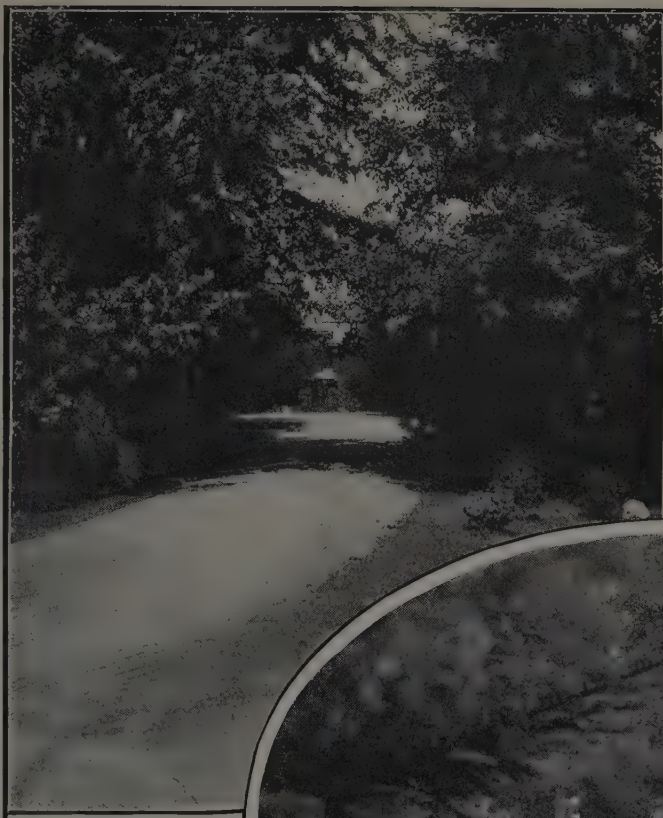
We also bought several baby alligators, and I mailed one to Aunt Nan. When it arrived she alarmed the neighborhood with her screams.

Anne treated everything connected with the theatre in such a business-like way that I fancied she did not care for the stage. I told her so.

"Not care for the stage, my dear child? My people have been connected with the theatre for generations. It's in my blood. I could no more help acting that I can breathing. I love to act, but I loathe traveling; then the uncertainty from year to year simply wears me out. Nothing makes me so furious as to hear people connected with the stage speak slightly of it or run it down."

I never saw any one who read as fast as Anne, except May, and the minute they finished a book, they would tear it to pieces page by page, the characters, the plot and the style. Until I met them, a story was simply a story to me, but I realized that I did not know how to read at all. Then May always saw the funny side of everything, but the joke was never complete unless Anne shared it. Many a time Loraine and I have stared in solemn silence while Anne and May reveled in something which entirely escaped us; so in that way Anne and May had so much more in common.

Loraine was our authority on dress. She had exquisite taste and designed her own clothes. She took us all in hand and arranged our wardrobes psychologically. Our clothes were to be the outward expression of our inward selves. Quite a step in advance this of Rachel's two costumes. We called these lectures on dress "Mme.



Photos by W. J. Vars, Newport.

PASTORAL PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT NEWPORT

1. Entrance to the grounds. 2. Arrangement of the stage. 3. The play performance in progress. 4. Ushers of the U. S. Navy. 5. Ushers of the U. S. Army. The pastoral performances by Ben Greet and his players, which have long been fashionable in England were first given in America last summer on the grounds of Columbia University, that charming English actress, Edith Wynne Matheson, being then seen for the first time as Rosalind. Since then Mr. Greet has repeated the performances at the leading universities and colleges, and always with success. Either upon a sloping piece of ground or upon an artificial stage built among a cluster of trees the woodland scenes of Shakespeare's comedies are capable of singularly charming performances. The above pictures show one of these open-air entertainments that was given on June 28 and 29 last on the grounds of the Cloyne House School, Newport, R. I. The affair attracted considerable attention not only because it was the first time that an open-air performance had ever been given in Newport, but also because it was under the patronage of some of the most fashionable people. The plays presented were: "As You Like It," "Much Ado," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the proceeds went to the Army and Navy Club. A novel feature was the employment as ushers of details of soldiers and sailors from the army and naval stations. The men wore full dress uniform and made a fine appearance, adding picturesqueness to the scene. The executive committee and patronesses included the following ladies: Mrs. Stephen B. Luce, Miss C. Ogden Jones, Mrs. Theodore Kane Gibbs, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Paul Andrews, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Mrs. Clermont Best, Mrs. Henry W. Bookstaver, Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed, Mrs. Harold Brown, Mrs. William P. Buffum, Mrs. Edward Capehart, Mrs. F. E. Chadwick, Mrs. Robert Cushing, Mrs. Theodore Davis, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Miss Lucille R. Edgar, Mrs. Eldridge, Mrs. William Ennis, Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Mrs. William E. Glyn, Miss Rosa Grosvenor, Mrs. Joseph Harriman, Mrs. F. B. Hoffman, Mrs. Oliver W. Huntington, Mrs. S. E. Huntington, Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mrs. DeLancey Kane, Mrs. Livingston Ludlow, Mrs. Bradford Norman, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mrs. C. L. F. Robinson, Mrs. George Scott, Mrs. Siegfried, Mrs. Thompson Spencer, Mrs. James A. Swan, Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, Miss Susan Travers, Mrs. Hamilton Webster, Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore and Mrs. John J. Wyszog.

Worth's Dress Talks." Loraine and May also had long discussions on "Dramatic Art." I was, of course, intensely interested in these; yet if anything went wrong with their scenes, or they missed a point, they always asked Anne to find out where the trouble was.

We traveled hard, but we were all so interested in our work that the season slipped by before we were aware of it, and somehow I could not realize it ended until I was actually back at Mrs. Siegrist's.

Fate was not so kind this time. My standby, Mr. Canfeld, was not going to send out any companies the next season. He was now manager of one of the New York theatres, a splendid position, and we all rejoiced at his good luck, for he was always considerate and kind.

I hated to begin the routine of agents and managers again. Still it wouldn't be as it had been before. I had now had two and a half seasons' experience, and on a season of thirty-five weeks had saved about two hundred and fifty dollars. I had a home with Mrs. Siegrist. Then, too, I had more friends, so I did not feel quite so much like a stray cat in a strange garret.

Shortly after we closed, I met David Norman and Bobby. When I saw David, my heart beat suddenly and unexpectedly. It never used to behave in that way when I met David. I suppose it was because I hadn't seen him for such a long time. Yet it never even fluttered when I beheld Bobby, with whom I had parted at the same time. Hearts are very curious affairs. I remembered my manners this time, and invited him to call.

I constantly saw the girls. We met on Broadway or lunched at each other's houses. One summer's day I was calling on Anne in her hall bedroom, when May came in, looking a picture in a green organdie, and considerably excited. "Listen, girls," she exclaimed. "I've just been put on to the greatest scheme. You go to Simons, the agent, give him fifty dollars, and he'll find you a New York engagement. Tomorrow I'm going to plank down my fifty."

"That smacks of blackmail to me," says Anne.

"I don't care, if it gets me a New York opening. No more road companies for me. It doesn't make any difference how good your work is, if you don't play on Broadway you are not in it."

"You'd better be careful, May," warned Anne; "an agent unscrupulous enough to take a bribe may not fulfill his promises."

"I'll get a receipt," said May, "and if you girls want to try it, and can't spare the money, you're welcome to anything of mine."

"Thank you, Maymie; but it would go against my theatrical conscience," said Anne, shaking her head in a solemn manner.

As we feared, the agent did absolutely nothing for May.

"Just think," she said, indignantly, "I paid him fifty dollars; now he wants twenty-five more. But I told him firmly that if he hadn't found something for me by the end of the week I would sue him, and I will, too."

She would have kept her word, for May was a determined little person. But some friend gave her a letter to Sam Selby, who was putting on a new play, and she got the ingénue rôle in it.

"My dears," she told us, "I begged Mr. Selby for that part; I went down on my knees and simply groveled for it."

She must have looked sweet groveling, for May is very effective when she coaxes. Mr. Selby must have thought so, too, for May had not been playing long before they were engaged to be married. She had rather neglected Anne and me since her engagement for the part, but she flew in to tell us of her matrimonial engagement and explained

that that was the reason we had not seen her oftener, she'd been so busy, first with her part, then so absorbed in her fiancé.

"But, May," we exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Do you love him?"

"I guess you've never seen him, or you wouldn't ask such a question," answered May, testily.

May did not lose an opportunity to do a good turn, for Mr. Selby sent for Anne and gave her a good part in a road company. May apologized because there was nothing for me.

"But you see, Judy, you're not such an all-round actress as Anne. You're more like me, it's a question of personality."

I saw little of May, she being absorbed in preparations for her marriage. Anne and Loraine were both on the road, so I was again practically alone. When I read of May's marriage in the paper I wrote her a note, and about three days after received a telegram from Mr. Selby to call at his office.

He was a pleasant, boyish-looking man, and talked straight to the point.

"Miss Wemple," he said, "I'm thinking of making a revival of 'The Hillside Farm.' The play made a hit when it was done originally in New York. Since then it has been very successful on the road, so I thought with an elaborate production it might be good for several weeks in New York. There is a small part in it, and May thought as you had nothing else in view you might play that until something better offered. You know revivals are

risky things." And he looked at me doubtfully.

"Thank you," I interrupted; "even if it's only for a week, it's better than nothing."

The rehearsal began. I put in a week of torture. I was heartsick. When I got the part, I went over it and formed a conception of how it should be played. My idea was to play it slowly and with repressed concentration, for though a short part, it seemed to me a good one. But no, the stage manager did not want it played that way; it must be quick and spasmodic.

He was very ugly and impatient with me, in fact, with most of the people.

"Action"—"Speed"—these were his pet words. Repose was not in his vocabulary.

I thought it over. I knew if I tried to play the part that way I should fail. I went to Mr. Selby and resigned. I saw the stage manager had been there before me. Mr. Selby said:

"May is very anxious for you to have the part. I'll be in to rehearsal Monday, and you'd better wait until I see you before you resign." He shook hands warmly, as if to encourage me.

He came as he promised. He called me aside and said:

"If you can't play the part Fielding's way, why try it your own."

But it was useless. I tried to rehearse it my way just once to show Mr. Selby my idea, but I could not. I simply was not anything. I was not their idea of the part and I was not my own, and as the rehearsals went on, and I felt the general disapproval, I grew more and more colorless. As it was a revival, Mr. Selby left most of the rehearsals to Fielding, only dropping in now and again; but I know, that after the first rehearsal he attended he must have told Fielding to let me alone, and that I was to stay, no matter how bad I was, for Fielding never interfered after that, and I overheard him make a sneering remark: "Friend of Mrs. Selby's." How I hated him!

At last the curtain went up on the night's performance. My scene

(Continued on page vi.)



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ARTICLES -The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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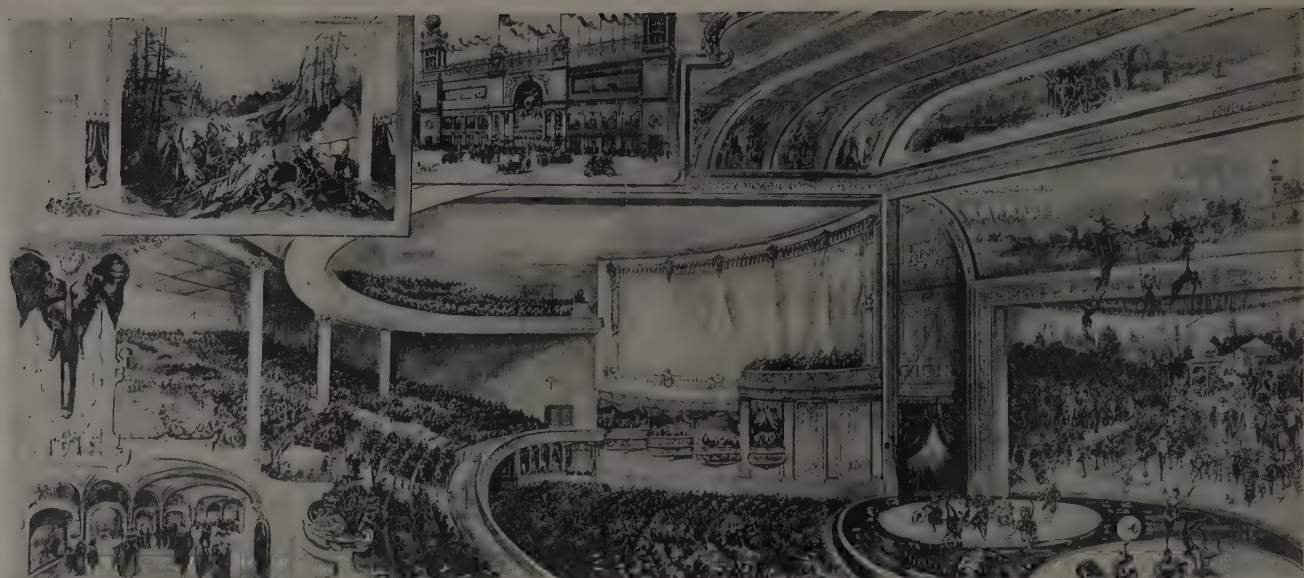


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Scenes in and out of the big building devoted to permanent popular amusements which the men who regenerated Coney Island will operate

At last New York is to have a hippodrome. Showmen have been intending to build one here for some years past, and amusement seekers have wondered why they did not do so. A corporation has been formed for that purpose. Thompson and Dundy, owners of Luna Park, are to be the managers. Frederick W. Thompson, designer of Luna Park, has made all the plans for the hippodrome building, both exterior and interior, and his ideas will be carried out as to the mechanical and scenic devices. The building, which will face on Sixth avenue, and extend from Forty-third to Forty-fourth street, will cost about \$1,500,000.

"I have for years wondered," said Mr. Thompson to a writer for the *Telegram*, "why New York has never had such a place of amusement as we propose to open by the Christmas holidays. Here we have the backbone of the amusement industry. Show any New York theatrical manager a town where there is no theatre and he will rush there to build one, even though the population be but small. Yet here in Manhattan, where three million people are practically clamoring for a high-class winter circus, with pantomime and spectacular adjuncts, the professional showman has failed to see his chance. I fully believe that when our hippodrome is opened in the winter the public will say it never thought it was possible for such a stupendous spectacle to be presented at such reasonable rates. The admission will be \$1.00, 50 and 25 cents. The house will seat 5,200 persons, and about 800 persons will be employed daily in the various departments.

There will be a matinee every week day and a night performance, and the house will close only for about two months and a half each year.

"In the construction of the building the first thought has been to make everything fireproof. The arena itself will not be overdecorated. Our idea is to place the fancy decorations back of the orchestra and balconies, in the café, smoking rooms and promenades. We do this in order to lend more splendor to the scenic effects on the stage. Very little painted scenery will be used. Nearly all the illusions will be produced by portable tin and sheet iron. The space afforded will be so great that nearly all the spectacular ideas can be carried out with real trees, water, roads, horses, etc. From wall to wall the space will be about two hundred feet wide and nearly as deep. The arch of the stage will be 116 feet wide, and when the curtain is up and a spectacular pantomime is on each spectator will have a range of vision so extensive that the effect will be just the same as if the performance was in the open air. The stage will rise or fall as the scenery requires, either in parts or as a whole. In the front of the stage there will be a lake 40 feet wide, 90 feet long and 14 feet deep. Out of this will rise two circular platforms, or circus rings. Aerial acts will be given over these rings, both of which will be in operation simultaneously. At the same time there will be an immense show upon the stage.

"Following the circus and vaudeville part of the exhibition we will present next winter a mammoth pantomime called 'The Days of '49.' For this and similar affairs which will be arranged later the tank and stage will be thrown into one. In 'The Days of '49,' for example, the visitor will see the Indians in the foreground. In the rear of the stage, high above the desert, the emigrant train with its covered ox-driven wagons will come slowly over the mountains and gradually go into camp on the plains. Night comes on after a magnificent Western sunset, and then the Indians attack. The heroine is captured and carried away. The United States troops loom up on the distant hill tops. A signal of distress from the emigrant camp brings them nearer and nearer. The Indians cut the intervening bridges and make off under the cover of night. On comes the cavalry, but the hero, who leads the rescuing party, dashes over the precipice, and then comes the wild dash at the Indians, and final rescue."

Books Received

"Man and Superman," a play by George Bernard Shaw. New York. Brentano.
"The Real New York." By Rupert Hughes. Illustrated by Henry Mayer. New York. Smart Set Publishing Co.

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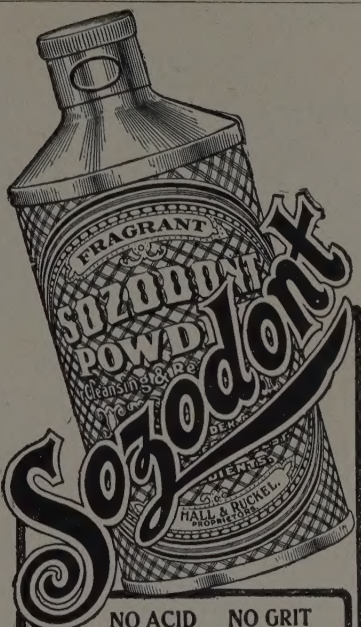
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QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

J. C. TEEVAN.—The title of "Pepita's Song," sung by Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of Jose," is "White, White is the Jasmine Flower," and is by Gustav Sanger.

M. VAN M.—(1) They will play together during the season of 1904-05. (2) "Maister of Woodbarren," "The Dancing Girl," "Captain of Letterblair," "An Enemy to the King," "Change Alley," "The Adventures of Lady Ursula."

E. M. MILLS.—The plays you name are all manuscript plays and are not to be obtained for that purpose.

A READER, Cincinnati, Ohio.—It is either bought outright or a weekly royalty of 10 per cent. is paid.

A CONSTANT READER, New York.—We cannot locate the lady, but a letter sent in care of one of the dramatic papers would no doubt reach her.

H. V. D.—Write to Walter Lawrence, Daly's Theatre Building, New York City.

E. M. T.—(1) She is at her mother's theatre in Brooklyn, where she is to act next season. (2) She has returned to Europe.

ETHEL WILLIS.—(1) He is not acting at present. (2) No.

A. W. W.—(1) He is at present in the Canadian towns. (2) Thos. Shea is the owner. It is not a published play.

MARLOWE ADORER.—(1) Yes, during the month of May. (2) "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Ingomar." (3) We cannot give addresses. (4) September 1st.

M. E. B.—A scene from "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was published in the May, 1904, issue.

MISS H. P. E.—The articles were as follows: 1. The Booths. 2. The Jeffersons. The article you mention will be included in the series.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Beginning with the September issue, we will publish actors' portraits in color from time to time.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.—We may do so later.

A TAUNTON READER.—An interview with Miss Barrymore was published in the November, 1902, issue. The others you mention will probably be given shortly.

L. H. B.—No, we have not given up the department you mention.

H. D. SMITH.—Make application.

ERIC.—We cannot answer questions of this nature.

M. L. C., New York.—She has not yet been engaged for next season.

A CONSTANT READER.—We have not heard of her since she was in the cast of "The Geisha."

MARSHALL KING.—(1) We do not know. (2) "The Crown Prince." (3) Any book store. (4) We never heard of it.

H. L. C., East River, Conn.—(1) Care of *The Dramatic Mirror*, 121 West 42d St., New York City. (2) No, there are no free dramatic schools. (3) The only way we know is to purchase it from the author.

M. R., Lansdowne, Pa.—Empire Theatre, New York City. He is now in Europe.

M. F., West End.—To take such a course will cost you from three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. If you are expecting to get into a comic opera company, you must commence as a chorus girl. Only those who show some ability are put in the productions of plays by such schools.

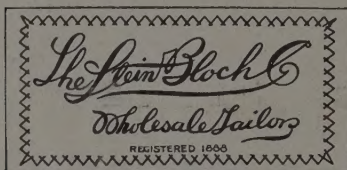
T. H. WALLACE.—(1) David Belasco, Belasco Theatre; Daniel Frohman, Lyceum Theatre (he is now in Europe); Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre (now in Europe); Kirke La Shelle, Knickerbocker Theatre Building; Harrison Grey Fiske, *Mirror* office, 121 West 42d St.; Klaw & Erlanger, New Amsterdam Theatre Building; Schubert Brothers, Lyric Theatre. (2) There are so many in the vicinity of the theatres that we do not care to recommend any. In 34th St., between 6th and 8th Aves., are a good many.

"INTERESTED."—(1) Scenes from "The Wizard of Oz" were published in the August, 1902, and March, 1903, issues. (2) We have published two portraits of her, in September, 1902, and July, 1903. Back numbers are on sale at this office.

BLANCHE E. PARRET.—We do not know of such a book.

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Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl

(Continued from page 212)

came, and somehow it simply played itself in the repressed, concentrated way I'd planned at first. I could not help it. I felt it that way, and if there had been twenty stage managers in the entrance it would have been the same. It was not a scene which required anything from the audience save quiet, so I couldn't tell how it had gone. I went home, and had Mrs. Siegrist known of the tears I shed, she would have covered the room with tarpaulin. I woke up unhappy and dejected, and sent for the papers. To my joy and amazement, I had notices in every one of them. One paper said: "Miss Wemple re-created the rôle;" another: "A part insignificant when the play was originally done was brought into prominence by the treatment it received in the hands of Miss Wemple."

I had made a hit! and incidentally triumphed over the sneering stage manager.

(To be concluded next month.)

Prince Arthur Beats the Monmouth

There was an interesting trial of speed in New York Harbor recently, when the Munson Line's new steamship, Prince Arthur, fresh from the builder's hands, was pitted against the Monmouth, of the Sandy Hook route, and which, until now, has enjoyed the reputation of being the fastest craft in these waters. The Prince Arthur is the latest addition to the Munson Line service. She is a splendidly equipped boat, has two stacks, both of which are painted red, and give her the appearance of a small French liner, and twin screws. General Manager Gifkins, of the Dominion Atlantic Railway and Steamship service, entertained at luncheon a party of invited guests, including railroad men, journalists, and others. When the little steamship reached the Narrows, it slowed up to await the Monmouth, and then followed a splendid race, which ended in victory for the Prince Arthur.

Russian Plays in Hot Weather

"When the hot weather comes to make actors feel like wet dish-cloths, I'll have the best of it," remarked Raymond Hitchcock between the acts of the "Yankee Consul" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, the other night. "You see," he said, "the scene of this piece is laid in the tropics, and I have to wear the lightest of light clothes. White duck makes a great difference when the thermometer is 'way up. I'll never forget playing most of the summer in a Russian melodrama, where my part called for a fur-lined overcoat, high boots and fur collar and cap. It was a perpetual Russian bath, and before September arrived the doctor had about given me up for a case of hasty decline."

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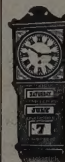
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PHOTOGRAPHS ON FINGER NAILS

Some time ago Miss Mabelle Gilman, the popular actress, started the idea of wearing diamonds on her finger nails, and gained a good deal of notoriety therefrom. It was not a success, however, the jewels dropped out a few days after they had been "set," and the foolish idea died a natural death. And now another young actress has provided a mild sensation in New York by having portraits of her friends photographed upon her finger nails. This lady, Miss Stella Beardsley, has been acting the part of Little Boy Blue in the delightful musical comedy "Babes in Toyland," and was seen at the Majestic Theatre by a *Bits* reporter, who inquired if the finger-nail portrait was a fact.

"Of course it is," Miss Beardsley replied, holding out her pretty hand and showing her thumb and forefinger, each bearing on the nail the portrait of a young man. "The idea, though," she continued, with a little sigh, "is not original, I am afraid, for I am told that it has been a fad in Paris for some considerable time. However, I was the first to introduce it to America, and my finger nails have already attracted a good deal of notice from my friends."

How is it managed? Well, just the same as other photographs. I gave the artist the portraits of two gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, and he reduced them to thumb-nail size and then made two film negatives. When they were ready he made me dip my fingers into a solution of silver until they became sensitized, like ordinary plates. Then he placed the negatives over my nails and requested me to hold them in the sun for a few moments. This I did, and in a short time the pictures appeared on my nails just as clearly and distinctly as though a painter had been employed. But the operation was not yet over, for I had to dip my fingers in a fixing bath, and then the pictures had to be "fixed." This, however, only took a very few minutes, and now the photographer tells me that the portraits are quite permanent, though at any time I can wash the impressions off quite easily. Of course, the portraits alter as the nail lengthens, and it is very funny to note how the top of the man's head first of all disappears (for I cannot allow my nails to grow as long as a woman's), and then his forehead, then his eyes, then his nose, then his mouth, then finally his chin. It is quite a novelty to thus lose your portrait piecemeal, as it were. The nails grow very quickly, especially if you don't want them, and in about three or four months the printing and fixing have all to be gone over again.

I don't think I shall have the young men long on my hands, and when I have washed them off I intend to have ten of the "Babes" printed on my finger nails, as I think that would be real. Lots of the girls here—and, as you know, they show "is" mostly girls, according to the plays—are thinking of having their nails sensitized, but they don't much care for the idea of having their lovers' portraits always at their fingertips, and will probably select instead their favorite girl friends.

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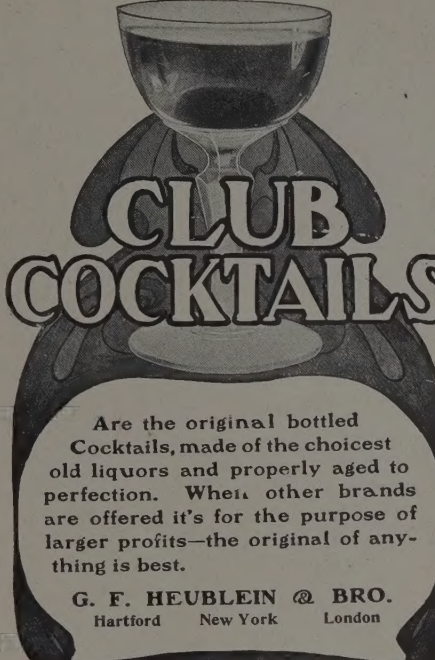
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